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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS CLEOPATRA, IN VICTORIEN SARDOU'S DRAMA, AT THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES," BY CLEMENT SCOTT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We are promised a literary novelty in a novel by a negress. We have had orators and divines of that colour, but a novelist never; and how much less a female novelist. Think of a black George Eliot! Even if she does not write well, and yet tells her side of the story—the black side—she must needs be interesting. At present, in America, when a gentleman wishes to pay another a compliment on the score of his honesty and straightforwardness, he calls him a "white man"; and indeed most of us, a philosopher informs us, are "neither white nor black, but piebald." The last Act of Congress, it is said, is one to compel railway companies to have a "black coach"—not a funeral car, but one exclusively for "darkies"—on all passenger-trains. The negro novelist will take a different view of these matters. The appearance of her heroes and heroines even will, it is probable, have little resemblance to the portraits of them drawn by our own lady writers. The gentlemen will not have "tawny" moustaches, nor the ladies "those thin lips which denote an aristocratic lineage"; though their hair will curl, it will not be "flowing"; and however (justifiably) angry they may become, they will not be described as having "black looks." The hero will not rescue the heroine from the villain of the story (white) by a "straight hit from the shoulder," but by a butt with his head. That will be quite new. One's only fear is that this lady will write in dialect; this is always hateful; but the negro dialect is the worst of all. One regrets that even Uncle Remus does not learn English. Will she dare to make her hero a musician? This would be fatal. The guitar is allowable, and even attractive as an accompaniment to a tale of love; but the banjo! One would always associate his fidelity with that solemn promise, so often repeated in the advertisement, of never, never performing except in St. James's Hall.

The quadruple duel story will probably do more to put a stop to the satisfying of wounded honour by getting "pinked" or "winged" than all the arguments of common-sense. Even the French, so curiously callous to ridicule, can hardly be blind to the consequences of their having made a hero of M. Roulez. That first-class *racqueur*, for twenty-four hours at all events, seems to have taken in the whole nation. The Parisian papers were jubilant over "the revival of the days of chivalry" and "the dash and élan" of their compatriot. Now they dash his élan, and wish he had been less audacious and they less credulous. The whole narrative they so greedily swallowed was exactly suited to the national taste, the very apotheosis of swagger. If they had not been so deficient in humour, the Story of the Fourth Combatant (as it would have been called in the "Arabian Nights") would have given them pause; seconds in duels are often very belligerent, but only on behalf of their principals, and the extreme unlikelihood of a gentleman who had seen three of his friends "pinked" before his eyes volunteering a combat with such a Crichton should surely have excited suspicion. From the account of the supposed proceedings, it appears that there was nothing incredible to the Parisian mind in the hero's having given "two well-dressed casuals" a Louis apiece to act as his seconds. This of itself is a revelation. Reasoning by analogy, it does not seem impossible that one could purchase a principal to act for one. Even in our own duelling days—at the very time, indeed, when an Archbishop of York felt compelled to admit that there were some injuries which could only be wiped out in that way—the absurdity of the practice as regards its inequality, as well as its want of compensation, was recognised, for, to do us justice, common-sense was never wanting to the English. Hutchinson, Provost of Dublin, quarrelled with Tislale, the Irish Attorney-General, and sent him a challenge. Tislale refused to fight, not, he said, on account of his own great age (a very Irish touch, since the older he was the less of life he had to lose), but because they were not on an equality as regarded the advantages to be derived from the combat. "If I should kill Hutchinson," he argued, "I should get nothing but the pleasure of killing him; whereas if he kills me he will get my place of Secretary of State, of which he has the reversion."

As a general rule, indeed, the professional duellist risked only his own worthless life, while those whom he challenged, at small danger to himself, since they had not his mastery of the weapon, might be persons on whom a large family were dependent. The testimony of Captain Ross seems final upon this duelling question. He was the best pistol shot in England, and, though he lived among the fire-eaters, he observes drily, "I was never challenged. . . . I have been sometimes asked whether, in my opinion, doing away with duelling has made men less courteous to each other. I answer certainly not. A marked improvement in social conduct has, on the contrary, been the consequence. I have known, formerly, the grossest insults to be offered to gentlemen (and without any ground for them), and when the aggressor offered satisfaction and fought a duel with the injured party, he was considered whitewashed and again received in society on the same footing."

It is not generally known that among persons of a high sense of honour, conscious of having wronged the

challenger—by having run away with his wife, for instance—it was the custom to fire in the air, or, as the phrase went, to let the other man "have a shot at him." After that they were on equal terms. The solicitude of the seconds about an "affair" being properly narrated in the newspapers was most curious. One of them writes to the *Morning Post* (on June 22, 1788) respecting its version of a duel between Captains Tonge and Paterson: "There is, Sir, a mistake or two which I must beg leave to correct. You say that Captain T. wished to apologise for the injury he had done." The truth is, Captain T., not being quite himself when the affray happened, remembered very little of what had passed. . . . You tell us also that Captain T., upon falling, declared that he had merited his fate, and begged Captain P.'s pardon. His words were: 'Are you satisfied? I fear I am badly hit, and I advise you to fly.' The cause of the encounter arose from Captain T. being intoxicated, and treading on Captain P.'s heel!"

I find a curious illustration of the need of an Eight Hours Bill exactly one hundred years ago. "The producers work at cards from seven in the morning till ten at night; and the consumers from ten at night till seven in the morning." Nowadays, the producer is by no means so hardly treated; and the consumer, if this overtime work takes place at a club, is very properly fined for every hour of it.

If a new reading in Shakspeare excites attention, how much more should this be so in the case of the Scriptures? Most of us know that touching verse in the Psalms in which we are warned that it is useless "to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows, for so He giveth His beloved sleep." The last line, taken as it stands, has been a difficulty with many readers, though not with all. No less a person than Mrs. Browning has taken it in its literal sense, and written a beautiful poem upon it called "The Sleep," in which each verse ends with the text in question. The composition is, in fact, a eulogium (like that of Sancho Panza) upon the gift of sleep. It has since been shown that this reading of the text is incorrect. "In the 'Teachers' Prayer-book,'" says the *Critic*, "Archbishop Barry tells us that the original Hebrew means 'He giveth His beloved during sleep'—i.e., he bestows His bounty upon them, even when they are unconscious and incapable of effort. The entire verso is an exhortation not to worry." The Archbishop's discovery is not very original, for in our new Revised Version at the side of the text is written "in sleep." The alteration is a most reasonable one, and does away most happily with the difficulty. How amazing it now seems that this discovery should have been delayed so long, and what a lesson it affords to dogmatism! For if it had been thought wrong to question the text, and apply the advantages of learning and the principles of common-sense to it, this interesting and important solution would never have been arrived at.

If Mrs. Browning were alive one would be sorry for her, for there is certainly something absurd in composing a poem upon a misreading. The immortalising of an individual who he subsequently discovers has never had any existence, such as "Casabianca" or "William Tell," must seem a little queer to a poet with a sense of humour; but, after all, that is but a flight of fancy. A bard is permitted to invent his characters, but not even poetic license can allow him to invent a text. Still, one cannot afford to waste one's poem. Canon Seward's pupil (Horace Walpole tells us), Lord Charles Fitzroy, seemed to be recovering from a dangerous illness, and the canon began a complimentary ode to Æsculapins. The pupil died, but the poet finished the poem and published it, nevertheless.

In old times—and it is even whispered that it happens occasionally even now—certain publishers in possession of woodcuts sent them out to authors for stories to be "written up" to them; these gentlemen, like many others, wrote by the carte, only the cart was put before the horse. In reality, it simplified matters; when imagination was a little wanting, the cry of the amateur story-teller is always, "What shall I write about?" and here he got it. In America, it seems, they have improved upon that system, and invented a much more complete division of labour. When any great social scandal is reported in the newspapers, it is given to a bevy of literary damsels with instructions to make a skeleton story out of it. When the material has been thus roughly adapted, it is "given out" to more skilled operators in the fiction line. According to a Philadelphia paper, "men and women of good literary reputation, whose work is encountered [scarcely a complimentary word, by-the-way] in the best magazines," then take it in hand. (The same thing is done here in the boot trade, in connection with "upper leathers.") The form of application from the managers of the literary factory to these eminent "fictionists" is most business-like and exhaustive: "Please to make of the inclosed material a — part story, not to exceed — words for each part. Delivery of copy must be by — at latest. A cheque for — dollars will be sent you upon receipt of manuscript. Very respectfully, —." No order could be couched in terms more distinct and at the same time polite. The importance of the skeleton, as well as the framework, is indicated beyond mistake, and nothing remains but to clothe it. A system more convenient for the story-teller

it is impossible to imagine. It is no wonder that America is said to be getting its fiction from native hands. The English novel will henceforth only have so much chance against it as hand-made goods have always had against those made by machinery.

The Holiday Homes instituted by the Ragged School Union for London's poorest children appeal, now summer has come, to everyone who has the means of enjoying it. With the exception of the Society for Protection of Children, there is no more laudable channel for the stream of charity. It is also very fit and proper that the children of the rich should be taught compassion for their less fortunate brethren. The subscriptions of these juveniles are useful, and the lessons inculcated by such generosity are priceless to themselves, while the methods used by the committee of the charity in dealing with these youthful patrons are most ingenious. Their last device is a Sparrow Fund. "Please give a penny to the Holiday Homes," they say, "every time you see a sparrow." The idea, it seems, is not altogether novel in religious circles. Not only is the domestic cat made (per placard and money-box) collector for the heathen, but "the sight of a bluebottle fly has served as a reminder to give a penny towards mission work in Central Africa." The bluebottle seems rather a dangerous symbol for an undertaking which has been accused of having more buzz belonging to it than business, and strikes one as leaning rather hard on the butchers, the subscriptions of whose children every time they see a bluebottle fly must be something considerable; but against the "Sparrow Fund" there is not a word to be said. Close-fisted infants will no doubt as much as possible avert their eyes from that bird; like Roman Augurs, they will think it "unlucky" to meet them in their walks abroad; but the sparrow is tolerably ubiquitous, and the choice of it, as a constant spectacle, shows judgment in the committee. There are many things—obvious enough, one would think—which even grown-up people can never be got to see. In appealing to the "serious public," for example, it would be useless to say, "Please give a penny to this or that every time you see a joke." The subscriptions would be too few to be worth recording. Let us hope, however, that a good many people will see the propriety of subscribing to the Holiday Home Fund.

A householder has made complaint about the behaviour of a school of boys next door to him, and his petition has been dismissed as being in the main frivolous. One cannot help feeling sympathy with the poor man, though, after all, his misfortune is one of those common ones incident to civilisation. It may happen to anybody to have a public house, or a chapel (with its "church-going bell"), or a boys' school next door to him. It is, at all events, much better to be next door to a boys' school (from what I remember of them) than to be in it. And these particular boys seem to have been—for boys—rather good boys. Although the complainant had a large quantity of glass upon his premises, "convenient" (as the Judge, evidently with a keen recollection of his own boyhood, expressed it) "for breaking," they did not break it all. Over his dividing wall, with the exception of orange-peel, they only threw nine-pins, quoits, and "other articles of the like description." They called his servants, indeed, by opprobrious names, and whenever he appeared in person on the scene "they put their thumbs upon their nose and spread their fingers out"; but, dear me, what did the gentleman expect—of boys? For my part, I should have been astonished at such moderation. How little can he know of that terrible race "in whose language pity has no place, and whom no treaty can bind"!

An old device of a certain class of coal merchants is being revived for the benefit of London householders. A coal wagon stops opposite your door, and one of its dusky attendants asks for Mr. Jones. Upon being told that that gentleman does not live there, the man says, "Then I don't know where he lives. We have been trying for his house for hours to deliver these coals to him, and we can't find it no how. If you like to have them at a reduction of 25 per cent. you can do so, for anything will be better than carting it all back to the City again." "But that would not be a proper proceeding," says the conscientious householder. "Yes, it is," replies the man, and brings out the invoice. At the bottom is printed, "If any customer is out of town, or has changed his address, so that he cannot be found, our carmen are authorised to sell the coal he has ordered at a reduction in price." Under these circumstances the householder's scruples vanish, and he secures the coal at what seems a great bargain. And so it would be if the quantity were not short and what there is of it were not half slate.

It is a somewhat similar trick to that of the peripatetic greengrocer, who comes on Saturdays straight from the country with sunburnt face and in agricultural costume and a cart laden with the produce of his kitchen garden. He sells his commodities, too, which include fruit and flowers, as well as vegetables, at country prices. Nothing can be more attractive and convenient than this gentleman's visit. As a matter of fact, however, he is only an emissary of the little greengrocer round the corner, who finds this an excellent plan for getting rid of his stale and superfluous wares.



## MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

## AN INTERVIEW.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has chosen a truly sylvan retreat for her home during the few brief weeks she is to spend with us this spring. The pretty villa in which the great French actress spends her leisure hours is situated in historic St. John's Wood, within a stone's throw of both "The Priory," where George Eliot lived for thirty years a life of quiet and hard work, and close to "The Elms," Sir Augustus Harris's present beautiful house, once the dwelling of Madame Grist.

I found Madame Sarah Bernhardt (writes our representative) looking younger than ever after her two-year trip round the world. Although she has not yet been in her present quarters a week, she has managed to give each of the spacious, cool apartments of Alpha House a thoroughly French air and atmosphere. The large mirrors, faded Beauvais tapestry, Louis Quinze broadened Watteau chairs, and spindle-legged settees seem as though they had been transported from the palaces of Versailles or Fontainebleau to form a fitting background to the modern queen of tragedy. "Madame Sarah," as she is called by the members of her own household, is never so happy as when with little children, and a number of them, chattering baby French at the top of their voices, cluster round her as she courteously bids you be seated, and proceeds to answer, in *la voix d'or* which has become legendary, the few questions put to her. It is hard to realise, while looking at the slight, girlish figure clad in some wonderful aqua-marine tinted garment, which surely none but mermaid fingers could have fashioned into shape, that you have before you the Frou-Frou of yesterday and the Cleopatra of to-morrow.

"What impression did the Colonies and America make upon me?" she answered in reply to a query. "Every kind of impression. It is impossible to analyse one's sensations thus. Everywhere people were very kind to me, and although I need hardly say I was glad to get home to my children and grandchildren," smiling, "I would not have missed those two years for anything the Old World could have offered me."

"Did you find that 'Cleopatra' was the leading favourite wherever you went?"

"Yes and no. Old friends are always welcomed; in every one of my rôles I was well received. Of course, a good deal of interest was manifested in 'Cleopatra,' especially in America, where they know their Shakspeare so well that it is interesting to them to see variations on the old familiar theme."

"And you, Madame—how does the character of the great Queen impress you?"

"I must tell you that I always prefer for the moment whatever character I happen to be playing. Just now, Antony's charmer is all in all to me; two years ago Jeanne d'Arc was my favourite heroine; I become, as it were, hypnotised in my parts, and really love them, not only on the boards but outside, in my everyday life. Thus it is true that very often I continue wearing the costume, or a modification of it," she added quickly, "in my own house, so as not to lose touch of the character."

"And do you require a great deal of time for the preparation of a new rôle?"

"Yes and no. I study intensely, but I rarely vary from my first conception of how a part ought to be played; the great thing is to be absolutely natural, not only in the sense of acting as if you were yourself, but as if you were the person you are intending to represent. In doing this, you must study the character, especially if it be an historical one, not only in reference to the year or years during which you are supposed to be going to portray her, but with a recollection of what both her past and her future were in reality. Cleopatra had slumbering in her apparently pleasure-loving nature hidden depths, which only showed themselves by her manner of death. I have endeavoured to convey this in my translation of her."

"Then if you are so much in favour of nature, Madame, do you approve of the Conservatoire system for training comédiennes?"

"Certainly I do," she replied with energy. "I believe that there is no better dramatic school than the Paris Conservatoire. People think that one can become an actress without having been taught to act. That is a great mistake. It is impossible to learn without being taught, and there we have the best masters of the art. I myself was a pupil at the Conservatoire, and so can speak with authority. I think it would be an excellent thing for the dramatic art of Great Britain and America if London and New York could boast of similar institutions, placed, as it were, on a national basis, and in connection with State subsidised theatres."

"Then you are in favour of stage traditions?"

"Yes, we none of us know what we owe to tradition. Of course, the technical side of the stage, both at home and abroad, has immensely improved in the last hundred years; but I suspect that if Molière could come to life again we should find him the best stage-manager after all."

"Is it true, Madame, that on your return to Paris you will join a combination, including M. Coquelin and a number of leading actors and actresses, with a view to playing at the Eden?"

"No, that is untrue," returned Madame Sarah, decidedly.

"What do you think of the 'star' system?"

The great actress laughed somewhat ironically. "The star system will always exist as long as the public have a wish to see any special comedian; for those who act it has advantages and disadvantages. I am absolutely against the star system in the sense that if one actor or actress play well all the other members of the company must be more or less 'supers.' I think it is essential that all should play as well as possible, and I have a special delight in good colouring and handsome stage scenery. It is in that that you and the Americans excel my country people—in taking an immense amount of trouble over the dumb eceteras."

"Do you design your own costumes, Madame?" I inquired, with a vague recollection of *La divine Sarah's* great Paris studio floating in my recollection.

"In many cases, yes. I am, as you know, devoted to sculpture and painting, and have found these two sister arts of great use to me in my profession. I need hardly tell you that every care is taken in order that the costumes and scenery may be historically correct, Egypt has always had

for me a special fascination, and from early girlhood I have always worn on my left hand an ancient ring, found on the banks of the Nile, supposed to have belonged to the far-famed Cleopatra herself."

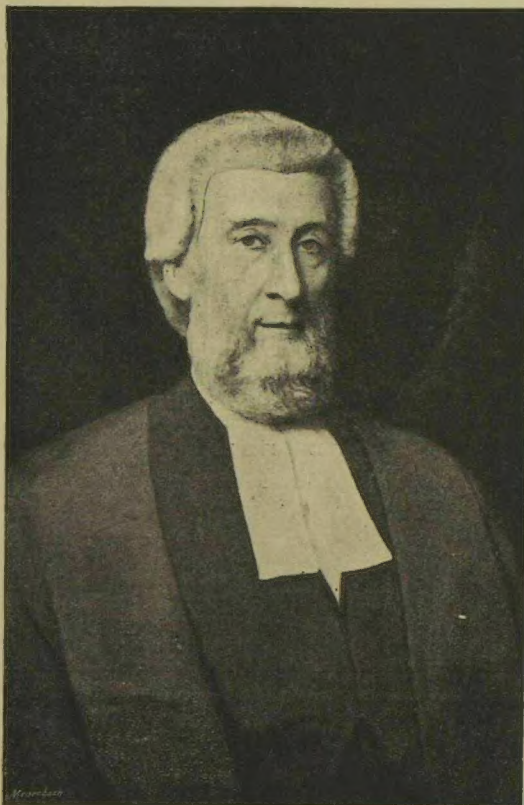
"One last question—have you any new rôles in prospect, Madame?"

"No, no, nothing," she replied lightly. "I find my old répertoire quite as much as I can manage. Of course, if anything of exceptional interest offers itself I should consider the advisability of mounting a new play in Paris next winter, but as far as I can now see I shall remain true to my old rôles. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*"

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE SIR CHARLES PARKER BUTT.

The death of Sir Charles Butt, at Wiesbaden, in the sixty-second year of his age, has deprived the High Court of Justice, to the public regret and that of members of the Bar practising in his Court, of an excellent judge, President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. He was born in 1830, son of the Rev. Phelps John Butt, of Bournemouth, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1854, joined the Northern Circuit, and became Q.C. in 1868, after which he practised some years in the Consular Court at Constantinople. Returning to England, he was elected M.P. for Southampton in 1883, as one of the Liberal Party. In 1883 he succeeded Sir Robert Phillimore as Judge



THE LATE SIR CHARLES PARKER BUTT.

PRESIDENT OF THE PROBATE, DIVORCE, AND ADMIRALTY COURT.

of the Admiralty Court; and when Sir James Hannen became a Lord of Appeal, the Presidency of the Division, including also the Probate and Divorce Courts, was conferred on Sir Charles Butt. He married, in 1878, a daughter of Mr. C. Ferdinand Rodewall. Sir Charles Butt is now succeeded as President by Mr. Justice Jeune, Sir Francis Henry Jenne, who became a judge last year, and who is a son of the former Bishop of Peterborough.

## MARRIAGE OF LORD WESTMORLAND.

The marriage, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, on May 28, of the Earl of Westmorland to Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair-Erskine, is an interesting event in high society. His lordship, Anthony Mildmay Julian Fane, was born in 1859, second son of the twelfth Earl of Westmorland, his mother being a daughter of the first Earl Howe; his elder brother died in early infancy, and he was known as Lord Burghersh until he succeeded to the earldom, last year, on the death of his father. The new Countess of Westmorland was Lady Sybil Mary, born Aug. 20, 1871, fourth child of the late Robert Francis St. Clair-Erskine, fourth Earl of Rosslyn, and sister to the present Earl of Rosslyn; her elder sister, Millicent Fanny, in 1884, married the Marquis of Stafford, son and heir to the Duke of Sutherland. The Duke of Cambridge, several foreign ambassadors, and many of the nobility, attended the recent wedding. Presents of jewellery were sent by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Marchioness of Stafford gave a luncheon to the bride and bridegroom and their nearest relatives at her house in Berkeley Square. Lord and Lady Westmorland went to Spye Park, Wilts, placed at their disposal by Captain Spicer, his lordship's brother-in-law.

## THE DANISH ROYAL GOLDEN WEDDING.

The festivities at Copenhagen, and in the royal palaces, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen of Denmark, commenced on Thursday, May 26, and closed on Sunday, May 29, attended by the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Czarévitch, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their son and two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, Archduke Frederick of Austria, Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway, and representatives of the German Emperor and of most of the European Courts. The Prince and Princess of Wales, however, on account of their recent family bereavement, abstained from publicly appearing at the grand ceremonials and banquets, the first of which entertainments took place on the evening of May 25 at the "Palace of Christian VII." the foreign diplomatic Ministers, with the Danish Ministers of State, being invited guests at the King's table. The next day, which was the actual Golden Wedding Day, was celebrated by Court and city with equal magnificence and assurance of sympathetic rejoicing; the streets were splendidly decorated with banners, garlands, foliage, and triumphal arches; peals of church bells and bands of music enlivened the air. In the morning a thousand choristers, in front of the Amalienborg Palace, sang an ode of congratulation to the King and Queen; his Majesty came out on the balcony, with his little Greek great-grandchild, the infant son of the Duke of Sparta, in his arms, to the delight of the people. The royal family, with their illustrious visitors, went in procession to a special religious service at the castle church. In passing the triumphal arch on the Højbroplads, the King and Queen were met by the Burgomaster of Copenhagen, with an address from the municipality, to which his Majesty replied: "I am deeply moved by the exceedingly affectionate sympathy manifested towards us on all sides to-day. I am myself a Copenhagen, for, sixty-one years ago, I came as a boy to this city from the country (Holstein) from which, unfortunately, we are now separated. May God shower His richest blessings upon this country and people, and on the city of Copenhagen, the inhabitants of which I regard as brothers and children. Once more accept my most sincere thanks for the exceedingly hearty share taken by you in our festival." The service in the church lasted a full hour. All the royal guests were there, and the church was brilliant with the glowing colours of the uniforms, the glitter of arms, and the varied brightness of the toilettes. The King and Queen, returning to the palace, received deputations from the two Houses, Landsting and Folkething, of the Danish Parliament. The two following days were mainly occupied with dinners and balls at the Court, popular entertainments, and acts of charity to the poor. The Emperor and Empress of Russia received the Danish royal family on board their yacht, the Polar Star. The Princess of Wales was to remain with her parents two or three weeks, after the departure of her husband, and the family gathering would not be immediately broken up. Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter of congratulation, while Mr. Macdonell, the British Minister, waited upon the King to congratulate his Majesty in the name of the British Government.

## THE BARNARD PEERAGE CASE.

See "English Homes: Raby Castle."

The disputed succession to the Barnard peerage, with the substantial addition, under the late Duke of Cleveland's bequest, of the Raby estates, valued at £60,000 a year, noticed in our description of Raby Castle, was decided on Monday, May 30, by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Hanne were unanimously agreed that Henry de Vere Vane, as lineal and legitimate descendant of Gilbert Vane, second Baron Barnard, who died in 1733, is entitled to this peerage, which has been held by the Dukes of Cleveland, representing the lineage of an elder son of the same Gilbert Vane, with their later titles, the Viscount of Barnard, Earl of Darlington, Marquise and Dukedom of Cleveland. These higher titles became extinct, in August last year, by the death of the fourth Duke of Cleveland, eighth Baron Barnard; but the Barony of Barnard continues, and his Grace left a will bequeathing the Raby estates to his grand-nephew, Captain Francis William Forester, of Croom, Limerick, in case no person, within five years, should establish his own right to be Lord Barnard. Mr. Henry de Vere Vane, born May 10, 1854, is eldest son of the late Sir Henry Morgan Vane, Knight, Secretary to the Charity Commissioners, whose father, John Henry Vane, was undoubtedly the legitimate descendant of the second Baron Barnard. But a question was raised about the legitimacy of Sir Henry Morgan Vane, whose birth, in November 1808, took place five months after his father's marriage to Elizabeth Nicholson, daughter of an attorney at Brigg, in Lincolnshire; John Henry Vane being then an articled clerk to Miss Nicholson's father, living in the house, and only twenty years old. The marriage, however, on June 15, 1808, was enough to render the birth of their son, in November, a legitimate birth in wedlock. Any doubts of the validity of the marriage, as they lived together until 1822, would have been removed by an Act of Parliament, the 4th George IV. cap. 17, applying to such cases; and the House of Lords has therefore, dismissing Captain Forester's petition to the contrary, affirmed the rights of the claimant, Henry de Vere Vane, to the Barony of Barnard; whereupon he becomes legally entitled to the Raby estates under the late Duke of Cleveland's will.



MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.



Photo by Mann and Fox, Piccadilly.

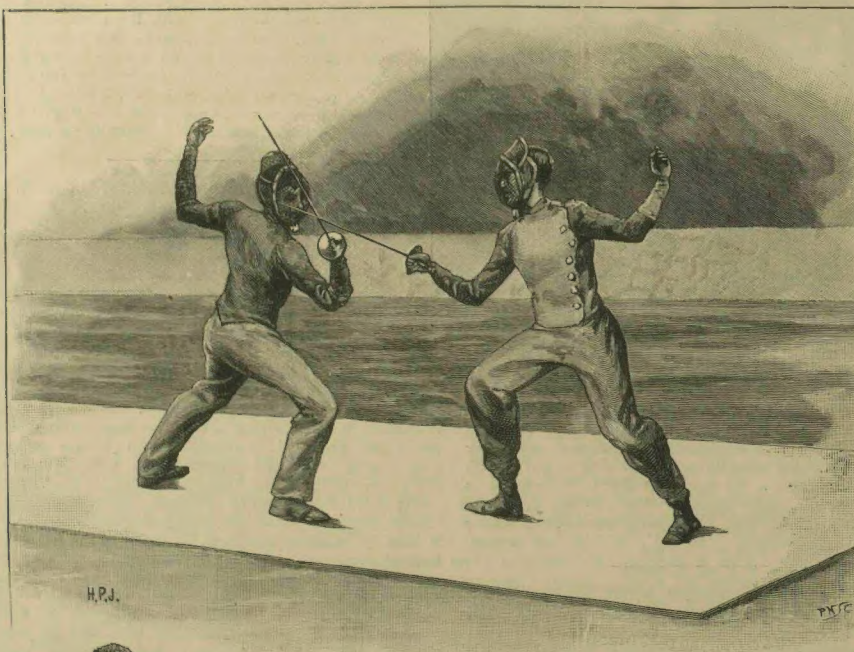
THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.



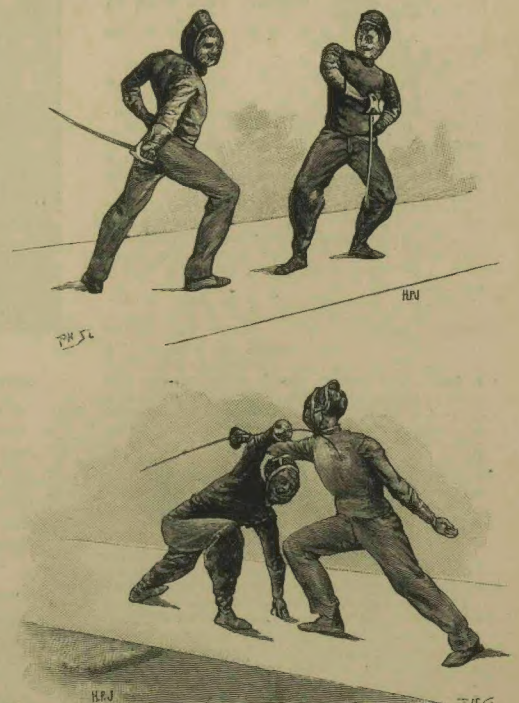
Photo by Watery, Regent Street.

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND (LADY SYBIL MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE).

ITALIAN FENCERS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.



H.P.J.



H.P.J.



Among the various performances at the Agricultural Hall has been the display of fencing with foil and sabre by representative instructors of the Italian army, under the direction of Cavaliere Masaniello Parise. Company-Sergeant-Major Agésilao Greco, of the Field Artillery, is a master in the use of the foil, and his method illustrates the characteristics of the Italian style. With the sabre, Regimental-Sergeant-Major Vincenzo Drosi, Instructor of the 5th Regiment of Infantry, and Company-Sergeant-Major Angelo Torricelli, Instructor

of the 3rd Regiment of Cavalry, gave a capital exhibition. On Monday, May 30, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was among the spectators. The exhibition of swordsmanship included an exposition, by Lieutenant-Colonel Cavaliere Parise, of the advantages of the Italian style. In this style with the foil, when the fencer is "en garde," his weight is distributed evenly between his legs, he parries with the arm bent slightly, and he advances with a terrific rush. As to the sabre, there was an illustration of the circular swing which follows the cut at the head or cheek.

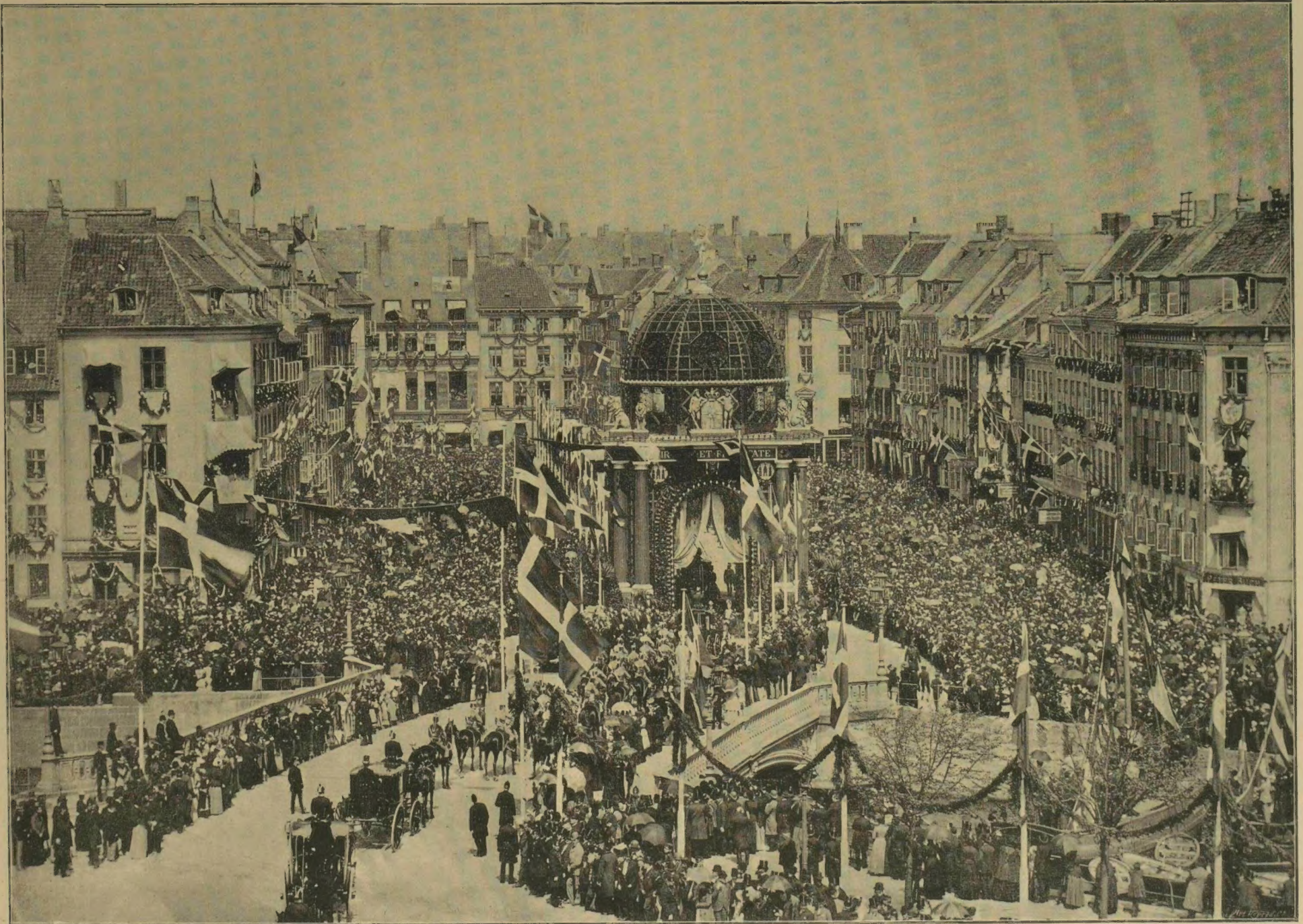
There were some performances also by picked swordsmen of the British Army, who opposed one another with foil and sabre, the result being that Captain Goldschmidt, 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment, was first at fencing and second with the sabre, while Lieutenant Hobbs, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, was first with the sabre, and Lieutenant Smith, of the Royal Engineers, was second at fencing.

The afternoon opened with an officers' riding and jumping competition, for which there were many entries, but of all the

competitors, Lieutenant Tristram, of the 12th Lancers, an excellent horseman, and Lieutenant Watson, of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, were far and away the best. The second prize was taken by a Scottish Volunteer—a member of the corps which carried off first and second honours in the mounted infantry competition. But the most interesting event of the day was the infantry combat between teams of men representing the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards and the 1st Battalion of the South Wales Borderers; the result was an easy victory for the Welshmen.

The most instructive business of the Military Tournament has been the frequent competitions between non-commissioned officers and privates of the regular Army, both cavalry and infantry, in the use of the lance, sword, and bayonet.





THE ROYAL GOLDEN WEDDING IN DENMARK: THE KING AND QUEEN RECEIVING HOMAGE OF THE CORPORATION OF COPENHAGEN ON THE HÆIBROPLADS.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty is at Balmoral, where she is taking drives daily, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her children. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the castle on May 30 for Buckingham Palace, where he remains for a week. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are also staying at Buckingham Palace.

The Duke of Fife presided on May 31 over the fortieth annual general meeting of the governors and subscribers to the Hospital for Sick Children, held in one of the new wards of the institution in Great Ormond Street, W.C.

The Queen (says *Truth*) is to pay a visit to Aldershot during her next residence at Windsor Castle, in order to lay the foundation-stone of a new church which is to be built there. The Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught will be present at the function, and the Bishop of Winchester will conduct the service on the occasion.

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his annual dinner to the Bishops on May 31 at Lambeth Palace. There were present the Archbishop of Dublin, the Primate of Scotland, the Bishops of London, Gloucester and Bristol, Chichester, St. David's, Newcastle, Southwell, Exeter, Salisbury, Ely, Manchester, Wakefield, St. Asaph, Lichfield, Peterborough, Rochester, St. Albans, Truro, Worcester, Colchester, Coventry, Shrewsbury, Southwark, and Trinidad, Bishop Wilkinson, Bishop Barry, Bishop Knight-Bruce, Bishop Smythies, Bishop Roberts, Bishop Lester, Archdeacon Smith, the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson, the Rev. M. Fowler, and the Rev. G. S. Pownall.

At last the Dissolution is in sight. If no unforeseen obstacle to the rapid dispatch of public business should arise, Parliament will be dissolved any day between June 21 and 28. To this resolution the Government have been impelled by the general sentiment of their party. It is understood that Mr. Chamberlain has all along urged his allies to hold on till February, and that Lord Salisbury has inclined to this opinion. But the Conservative Party managers throughout the country believe that their best chance lies in the earliest possible appeal to the constituencies. Besides, a speedy dissolution relieves the Government from the varied embarrassments which would attend the enterprise of carrying the Irish Local Government Bill, a measure which will now go to the country with the ornamental prestige of a majority of ninety-two for the second reading.

The electioneering prophets are very cautious. Mr. Schnadhorst says the result of the General Election will be "eminently satisfactory" to the Liberal Party, but he does not commit himself to figures. The most sanguine Liberal does not expect a majority of more than seventy, which, be it noted, would leave a Liberal Government dependent on the Irish vote. One of the shrewdest observers on the Opposition side says they will win ten seats in London, ten in Lancashire, and a large number in the rural districts in England, while losing a few in Ireland. On the other hand, the Unionists are in better spirits than they have known for a long time, though this is partly due to their recent majorities in the House of Commons, which are not exactly tests of feeling in the constituencies.

In the House of Commons the most noteworthy incident is the defeat of the motion to adjourn over the Derby Day. Last year this proposal was carried by a majority of twenty-eight, and in the previous year by a majority of twenty-seven. It is always taken for granted that the House will adjourn. But at last Sir Wilfrid Lawson has triumphed by a majority of fourteen, and the members who went to Epsom were deprived of that Parliamentary sanction which has hitherto made their annual frolic an act of public virtue. It may be hoped that we have now seen the end of the farcical custom which suspended the business of the Legislature for the sake of a horse-race.

In affairs of less entertainment, Ministers have succeeded in getting the Small Holdings Bill into the House of Lords. The Irish Education Bill has been read a second time, after a debate which showed that in education, as in most other things, English and Irish ideas are hopelessly at variance. A drastic Bill for the reform of registration, brought in by Mr. Stansfeld, has passed the second reading, with small chance of going any farther. The vote on account which is indispensable to the Dissolution has raised discussion about everything under the sun, including Polynesian labour on the Queensland sugar plantations. The abuses of the system have excited great indignation; but the somewhat important point that Queensland is a self-governing colony, and that no Imperial Ministry would dream of overruling an act of the Queensland Legislature, has not received the attention it deserves.

The preparations for the Ulster Convention have been signalled by an invitation from Colonel Sanderson to Sir William Harcourt to visit Belfast and see with his own eyes the evidence of Protestant resolve never to acknowledge a Dublin Parliament. To this Sir William Harcourt has replied in a bantering letter, suggesting that when "the hypothetical insurrection" begins Colonel Sanderson and his men should extend their sphere of operations and make war on the authority of the Crown by marching on London. In this contingency, Sir William Harcourt proposes to meet the Protestant army at Derby, where he supposes it will be joined by the Duke of Devonshire and the Chatsworth division.

There is every determination on the Unionist side to play the Ulster card with the utmost seriousness. No pains and no money are being spared in Ulster itself to make the Convention as imposing as possible. With a view to impressing the British electorate still further, a Belfast paper has published what is called "a plan of resistance." By this scheme it is proposed to seize the custom-houses in Belfast, Derry, and one or two other places; to burn the writs of the Dublin Parliament, and to ignore the appointment of officials by that body. No elections are to be permitted—in short, Home Rule is to be boycotted severely. As for the question of arms, it is suggested that Dublin might be captured with ease, but this point is not pressed. The most curious feature of these threats is that they make no provision against the enforcement of the law by the imperial authorities in Ireland. Resistance to the decrees of an Irish Parliament would be resistance to powers delegated by the Crown, and therefore the Crown would promptly make its delegate respected and obeyed.

The real Dissolution campaign was opened by Mr. Gladstone's speech at a meeting of the London Liberal and Radical Union. The Opposition leader laid great stress on the connection between Home Rule and the municipal interests of the Metropolis. London, it is contended, needs a great extension of her powers of self-government, and the forces which are arrayed in opposition to the Liberal policy for Ireland are also arrayed against every proposal to increase the powers of the London County Council. Mr. Gladstone enforced the Radical programme for the Metropolis, and on general questions gave a foretaste of the energy with which he proposes to conduct the contest in Midlothian.

The Queen's reply to the petition for help for the suffering work-people of Cleveland has caused a good deal of discontent. Her Majesty, who in a matter of this kind speaks through the medium of an official adviser, says the case is one in which she cannot interfere. Evidently the official adviser imagines that the people who are starving on account of the strike in the Durham collieries are in some way responsible for their own misfortune. This is a complete mistake, for Cleveland has nothing whatever to do with the Durham dispute. What has happened is that many working men have been thrown out of employment by the stoppage of industries dependent on the Durham coal. The Cleveland poor are no more to blame for this than the islanders of Mauritius for the hurricane which lately overwhelmed them. Yet fifteen thousand people in Mauritius are to have a Mansion House Fund, to which the Queen will no doubt subscribe, while a hundred thousand people in Durham and the North Riding are not considered worthy of this benevolence.

The London County Council has decided to confine its contracts to firms who will undertake by special agreement to pay the trade union scale of wages in the particular industries concerned, and observe the trade union regulations as to hours. It was at first proposed to limit the agreements to the terms fixed by the London trade unions, with a view to keeping the contracts of the Council in the hands of the metropolitan workmen, but this was overruled on the ground that the rate-payers ought to have the benefit of the cheaper scale on which country contracts might be fulfilled. The policy thus adopted is a noteworthy contribution towards the solution of a vexed economic problem.

The new first-class twin-screw battle-ship *Resolution*, launched from the building-yard of Sir C. M. Palmer and Co., at Jarrow-on-Tyne, on May 28, is the heaviest ship yet built for the Navy, weighing 7500 tons when floated; her length is 380 ft., breadth 75 ft., and mean draught 27 ft. 6 in., with a displacement of 14,150 tons of water. She is constructed entirely of steel, the hull divided into 220 watertight compartments, the masts also of steel, with armour-belt 18 in. thick, and protective steel deck 3 in. thick in the middle. Barbettes fore and aft, strongly armoured, will carry four 67-ton guns of 13½-inch calibre; and on the decks will be ten 100-pounder guns in casemates, and about twenty smaller quick-firing guns; the armament includes field-guns, machine-guns, and torpedo tubes.

Christie's last week was filled with the beautiful furniture, porcelain, and pictures that formerly adorned the town mansion of the late Mr. F. R. Leyland in Prince's Gate. The greatest crowd of dealers and connoisseurs was attracted by the pictures, which included some remarkable examples of Burne-Jones and D. G. Rossetti. The former master's two important and well-known works, "The Mirror of Venus" and "Merlin and Vivien," realised respectively £3750 and £3780. While of the unique collection of Rossettis, ten which showed how fine a colourist was that artist, and included "Veronica Veronese," "Lady Lilith," and the "Blessed Damozel," fetched some £7000. Sir John Millais's poetic picture, painted thirty years ago, "The Eve of St. Agnes," was bought by Mr. Val Prinsep (Mr. Leyland's son-in-law) for 2100 guineas.

"General" Booth is again appealing for funds in support of his "Darkest England" scheme. His most important backer is no less a person than Mr. Henry Labouchere. Mr. Labouchere was formerly one of the "General's" most pertinacious critics, but he has put his name to a statement certifying that personal experience has convinced him that the Salvationist plans ought to be carried out. The financial position of the undertaking is rather serious, for "General" Booth is many thousands short of the annual income which he declared to be indispensable.

A curious incident marred the success of the first banquet at the Mansion House given to Welshmen. One of the Welsh members of the House of Commons declined to drink the toast of "The Queen," and was consequently subjected to vehement personal criticism on the spot from a fellow-countryman. Apart from other considerations, to drink the Queen's health at a public banquet is a point of good breeding. The offending member was guilty of an act of boorishness not only towards his Sovereign but towards his host. In future his name will doubtless be omitted from any list of guests who are expected to behave like gentlemen.

The visit of President Carnot to Nancy, Lunéville, and Toul, on Sunday, June 5, and two following days, with a review of the French troops at Nancy, has no significance of a hostile feeling towards Germany, though approaching so nearly the frontier of the lost province of Lorraine. Its local occasion is a congress of the United Gymnastic Societies of France. The Government of the Republic seems daily growing stronger by the rapid decomposition of the Royalist party, and by the firm suppression of Anarchist plots. A Royalist paper, *La Défense*, founded in 1876 by Bishop Dupanloup, has become defunct for want of Catholic support. At the same time, the Government is expected to bring under notice of the Council of State, with a view to possible repression by the Pope, certain catechisms issued by episcopal authority which contain political references injurious to the Republic; and there is a good hope of an "entente cordiale" between the State and the Church.

The terms of the provisional treaty of commerce between France and Spain, mutually abolishing all differential tariff duties, have been published at Madrid; this arrangement takes effect only during the month of June, and is apparently devised by Spain to put some pressure of French competition upon other nations, with a view to gaining their assent to her own protective policy.

A vehement discussion has arisen in the French Chamber of Deputies concerning the unhappy quarrels between the British Protestant missionaries and the French Roman Catholic missionaries, sent out by Cardinal Laviege, in Uganda, north of Lake Victoria Nyanza; and the British East Africa Company is accused of unwarrantable intrigues, and of some outrages on the personal liberty of the French missionaries there. We have not, as yet, any precise account of the facts, which must surely have been exaggerated in the French reports; but it is curious to find these complaints eagerly received by some German newspapers, which may not be unwilling to notice a possible occasion of disagreement between England and France.

The German Emperor Wilhelm and the Empress, at Berlin and Potsdam, have been entertaining the young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who is eleven years of age, with her mother, the Queen Regent Emma, arrived there on a visit.

The latest news from the island of Mauritius indicates that the telegrams in no way exaggerated the disaster. The total number of lives lost amounted to 1200, while the list of persons injured exceeded 4000. The tempest broke over the island with unimaginable fury, the velocity of the wind at times reaching 112 miles an hour. The sea rose 9 ft. above its usual level, a thing unknown since the terrible cyclone of 1818, when the

water rose nearly four metres. In Port Louis itself houses fell to the ground in nearly every street. In the Tringlar quarter not a single house was left standing. In fact, there is scarcely a house in the entire colony which does not show some signs of the fury of the storm. Half the sugar crop, as already stated, has been destroyed. The provisions stored in the colony are sufficient for four months, and the population will not therefore be exposed to the danger of famine. An immense number of persons were overwhelmed and killed by the ruins of the falling houses, or were stricken down in the streets as they fled by the falling stones and wreckage.

The revolution or insurrection in the South American Republic of Venezuela is daily gaining fresh victories. President Palacios's troops, repeatedly defeated, are deserting to the side of General Crespo. The city of Caracas is surrounded by hostile forces, and they also threaten the ports of Cabello and La Guayra.

**WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS: BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**—The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended, as usual, over the Whitsuntide holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-days excursion to Paris by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 2 to 8, inclusive. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Whit Sunday and Monday, day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments and Electrical Exhibition on Whit Monday, extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand; and Westbourne Grove; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers's Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins's Offices, 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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## PERSONAL.

Every member of the legal profession who practises in the Admiralty Court will approve of the two new judicial appointments consequent on the lamented death of Sir Charles Butt.



MR. GORELL BARNES.  
New Judge of the Admiralty Court.

which have been performed exceedingly well. Lady Jeune, who was Miss Stewart Mackenzie, afterwards wife and widow of the late Hon. John Stanley, is known as a wise and earnest promoter of benevolent schemes for the welfare of women and children in London, and as a clever writer. The newly appointed judge to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Sir F. Jeune to the Presidency is one of the leaders at the Bar in the Admiralty Court, Mr. Gorell Barnes, who was "called" in 1876, became Q.C. in 1888, and is well esteemed in his profession.

There was a very remarkable gathering at the dinner of the Incorporated Society of British Authors on May 31. Time was when authors could not afford to dine, and to hear Mr. Besant occasionally one might almost suspect that even now the wicked publishers made it rather difficult. But the authors dined well at the Holborn Restaurant, and, in addition to speeches, secured Mr. Corney Grain to administer to their entertainment "in the usual way." Professor Michael Foster, as chairman, disclaimed any pretension as to scientific books being, as a rule, very literary, but many a literary man would give his left hand to be able to write like Professor Huxley; and if scientific writers were not literary, they intended to be. The speech of the evening, however, was by Mr. Frank Stockton, whom Mr. Andrew Lang subsequently described as giving him more amusement than any other living author, except his compatriot Mark Twain.

After speaking of the great demand in America for the works of English writers, Mr. Stockton said that, though Americans wrote in the same language, they could never, he thought, expect to speak in the same language—at least, he could not. He had a good many recollections of occasions which illustrated the truth of his statement. When he had called a cab, and had seated himself in it, he said to himself, "The man who is driving me thinks and says to himself, 'The man inside here is an American. Very likely in the course of his life he has bought a good many English books which have been pirated, and the authors of those books never received a cent. I will see what I can do to benefit myself, at any rate, where my fellow-citizens, the British authors, should have been benefited.'" When he got out of that cab he gave the man a shilling. The driver said, "Eighteenpence." He asked whether it was more than two miles from Charing Cross to Ludgate Hill. The driver looked at him, and replied, "Eighteenpence." He was impressed by the exceeding earnestness of the driver's face, and he paid the sum demanded. They might regard that as an instance of retaliation.

Among the authors present were Mr. Walter Besant, Professor Bonney, Mr. Oswald Crawford, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Archibald Geikie, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The Lord Mayor's patriotic banquet given to distinguished Welshmen at the Mansion House was attended by a very sad incident, with a result that is much to be deplored. One of the guests, Admiral Richard Charles Mayne, O.B., M.P. for the Pembroke-shire and Haverford-west districts of South Wales, had responded to the toast of the Royal Navy with a lively and spirited speech. As he was going downstairs, he was struck with apoplexy, was carried home, and died next day. He was fifty-seven years of age, son of the late Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, educated at Eton, a good naval officer, served in the Baltic and Black Sea during the Crimean War, and in New Zealand, commanded the survey expedition in the Straits of Magellan, and wrote more than one good book of travels, geography, and nautical science.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL R. C. MAYNE.

The Dissolution of Parliament will probably be announced in the House of Commons on June 24, and the last of the elections will therefore be over by the second week in July. Both sides now profess to be certain of the result. In particular, the spirits of the Conservatives have greatly revived, and the betting at the Carlton Club last week was in favour of a Conservative majority of from twenty to thirty. A week or so ago the opinion in Conservative quarters was that Mr.

Gladstone would have a small majority, but of late the reports from the country have been far more favourable, and something like a complete change of view has occurred.

Mr. Gladstone's strong opinion that there should be, as far as possible, a closing up of the ranks of the Irish party, especially of the two sections of the Anti-Parnellites, has given rise to a very considerable change of front on the part of the Irishmen. Mr. Davitt has been acting as a mediator, and has contrived to bring the dispute about the *Freeman's Journal* to an end. Finally, it has been decided to set up a permanent committee, to sit continuously in Dublin till the election is over, to organise the Nationalist vote—of course, on Anti-Parnellite lines. On this side of the Channel, a deputation of fifteen of the ablest speakers among the Irishmen have promised to deliver three speeches apiece in English constituencies. Mr. Sexton being selected to confront Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour at Birmingham and Manchester. Mr. Chamberlain is being opposed at West Birmingham by a young London barrister, Mr. Corrie Grant, who has done a good deal of work in the East-End, and possesses a certain oratorical gift as well as very advanced views on social questions. Lastly, Mr. Gladstone himself has arranged a last Midlothian campaign, which is to include some special village addresses and a conference with the miners, who are very strong on the eight hours question.

One of the two new peerages created on the occasion of the Queen's birthday must especially be commended by all who desire to see the House of Lords reinforced by the talent and ripe experience of officials who have long been personally engaged in the different branches, foreign, colonial, naval, and military, as well as judicial, of State service. Sir Evelyn Baring, British Political Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, whose title, it is rumoured, will be Lord Cromer, is one



SIR EVELYN BARING.  
New Peer.

of the ablest, "omnium consensu," and his work in Egypt since 1883 has unquestionably been productive of great reforms and direct benefits to that country, whatever anxiety may be felt with regard to the ultimate issue of the policy of British intervention, commenced ten years ago, in the internal affairs of a Mohammedan State. He is fifty years of age, a son of the late Mr. Henry Baring, and was a Major of the Royal Artillery in 1879, after which he was, during three years, finance member of the Council of the Viceroy of India; and we should not be much surprised if he became Viceroy of India at no very distant day. Lady Baring is a daughter of the late Sir Rowland Stanley Errington, Bart., of an old Cheshire family.

The other new peerage is a fair recognition of the Parliamentary and departmental services of a steady Conservative party member, Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., who was M.P. for South and for West Essex, and finally, after 1885, for the Epping division of that county, during nearly a quarter of a century, and held the offices of Under Home Secretary and Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry. He is about sixty-five years old, and falling health, in 1889, caused his retirement from the House of Commons. The eldest son of the late Sir John Ibbetson-Selwin, Bart., of Harlow, Essex, he succeeded his father in 1869, and then adopted a slight change in the order of his two family names, having married the widow of the late Sir Charles Ibbetson.



SIR H. J. SELWIN-IBBETSON.  
New Peer.

The new actress, Miss Maggie Garrett, enters upon her career under happy auspices. Nature has done much for her. Her prettily shaped head is covered with an abundance of wavy golden hair, her face is continually smiling, and she has a mouth as eloquent of good-nature as was that of the lamented Samary of the *Comédie Française*. Already she has shown talent as a comedian and as a dancer. She has learned comedy and stage deportment under her instructress, Miss Henrietta Cowan, and dancing in the best Parisian schools. To know how to dance is, of course, of the greatest value to any actress, but Miss Garrett is too clever a girl to waste her time over "skirt dances" in public. She evidently has inspirations above the Gaiety and mute parts. The confidence she shows on the stage is wonderful for one so young, and she may be cordially advised to continue in the profession she has adopted, and for which she is singularly suited.

We are indebted to Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Baker Street, for our portrait of the late Rear-Admiral Mayne; to Messrs. Bassano, of Old Bond Street, for that of Sir Evelyn Baring; to Mr. G. Jerrard, of Regent Street, for that of Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart.; and to Messrs. Barrand, of Oxford Street, for that of the new judge, Mr. J. Gorell Barnes, Q.C.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The French Players have come in with the hot weather, and Shakspeare still holds his own. What a change it is from the dreary days when, according to the most speculative manager in London, "Shakspeare spelt ruin and Byron bankruptcy," to find at headquarters no less than four Shaksperians, or virtually Shaksperians, plays being acted simultaneously! These are surely not the times to demand State protection for an art, when we have Irving playing *Wolsey*, Ellen Terry Queen Katharine, Beerbohm Tree *Hamlet*, Sarah Bernhardt *Cleopatra*, and Coquelin *Petrucchio*, all in the same week. The art cannot be in such a very "parlous state" when such things can be. The public always prefers the best to the worst kind of work; and the only difficulty I see towards the attainment of the best is the question of prices, which range too high in the matter both of salaries and seats. When our amusements are arranged in a less expensive and extravagant style the theatre will resume its old place in public favour, and be able to defy rivals of any kind. With regard to both sketches and smoking, I cannot help thinking that it has been a case of "much cry and little wool." Neither smoking theatres nor sketch-playing theatres are likely to interfere in the least degree with the material prosperity of first-class playhouses. What I want to see is the chance of a better, brighter, and purer entertainment for the benefit of those who cannot afford to patronise the first-class theatres.

Sarah Bernhardt has returned from her travels with the matchless music of her voice not only unimpaired but beautified. She has drunk in the sunshine, and it has settled on her vocal chords; and in most respects she is the Sarah Bernhardt of old. She has appeared as *Cleopatra*, and it is no more Shakspeare's *Cleopatra* or anyone else's *Cleopatra* but her own than her *Lady Macbeth* was Shakspeare's *Lady Macbeth*. Her own extraordinary nature and individuality must assert themselves. We have grace with Sarah always, but never dignity. She never by any possibility could be "the queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes, brow bound with burning gold." Her art, supreme as it is, can never conceal the passionate Bohemian. Her love is less poetical than passionate. She is more of the courtesan than the queen. But this is an old story. See her trembling at the sound of the bugle horn in "Hernani," when she is assured that her love-song and death-dirge are to be combined. She is not *Doña Sol*, but the incomparable Sarah. Watch her as she sends the air with her cries at the end of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*: "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Je ne peux pas mourir!" It is only Sarah in another dress. She is seldom a different woman to herself. We can conceive all these scenes, all these agonies, all these rendings of garments and beating of breasts, all these tears and jealousies in her own apartments of Paris, London, or New York. And we have these all over again in *Cleopatra*. It is the same song. It is the same woman, beaten, crushed, and subjugated by a strong, brutish man. There is more mere animalism in it than the love that Coleridge, for instance, has described. But for all that it is a most interesting study, and the variable moods of a woman painted by Sarah are an intense relief and reaction after the formal and stilted style of English acting. Women seldom let themselves go on the English stage. They pull up at the first gate and open it. They rarely leap the hedge. In their laudable endeavour to avoid rant they go to the very opposite extreme of tame, colourless understating. This, I think, is in a measure why we were all so much struck with two or three very fine scenes played recently by Miss Bateman in "Karin" and by Miss Olga Nethersole in "Agatha." They both took a flying leap at the hedge and disdained to open the gate. They had the courage of their opinions, which so few actresses possess. As a rule, they are very pretty, very clever, and very weak. Some flend in human shape has told them that the perfection of acting is to do on the stage what they do in Bayswater middle-class drawing-rooms, which is exactly the thing they ought not to do. English acting is very middle-class as a rule. It has not the breeding of the aristocracy or the honest dramatic colour of the democracy. It is the art of colourless respectability, just as Sarah's art is the art of the seductive "demi-monde." Sarah and her art and her voice and her personality get us out of our groove. She is an excellent object-lesson. Every actress who loves her art should go to see her, but not necessarily to imitate her. They should study her methods, particularly that of voice-production, and learn the value of her variety and skill of contrasting emotions. Doubtless they will find the love-song a little monotonous, and they will not be able to say very much in favour of the play, but, whatever anyone can say to the contrary, they will have seen the greatest actress of our time—one who, perhaps, was a more finished artist when she was under discipline, but still one who can make love and be made love to better than anyone I can call to mind save, perhaps, the early lost and incomparable *Aimée Desclée*. Sarah has suffered always at the hands of her leading men. Berton, Damala, Granier, Albert Darnont, and Co., were never quite good enough for the incomparable actress. It was, on the whole, a one-sided duet. How I should like to have seen Sarah Bernhardt and Charles Fechter together in one love-play! Fechter, you may remember, was the original Armand Duval in the "Dame aux Camélias."

Coquelin's *Petrucchio* in the French version of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" has fallen rather flat. Comparisons are odious, and we cannot forget the Katharine and *Petrucchio* of Ada Rehan and John Drew. Of course, Coquelin, being a Frenchman, is very suave and polite. He does not crack his whip or bang the plates about, or kick the servants, or force his wretched wife to eat mutton cooked to a cinder. But, for all that, he is a very Mountebank of *Petrucchio*, and, as someone has already admirably expressed it, it is Shakspeare *Moliérisé*. You could not have a better criticism than that. Coquelin has moulded Shakspeare's *Petrucchio* on the comic valets of Molière, and in these characters Coquelin is, of course, incomparable.



### THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT BIRMINGHAM.

A very alarming railway disaster, which killed two persons and injured many others, took place on Friday, May 27, close to the Birmingham New Street Station. The down express train of the London and North-Western Railway, at the Lawley Street junction with the Midland Line, shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon, ran into a Midland express train from York. Both trains were thrown off the rails, and went forward, side by side, crashing against each other, a length of several hundred yards, until the engine, tender, and guard's van of the former train fell over the parapet of a viaduct 40 ft. high into the railway goods yard. One man, John Wetherby, a groom in the service of Lord Scarbrough, being in the horse-box, was instantly killed; and Robert Sexton, the guard of the train from London, died in hospital next day. Three passengers had their legs broken, while others were severely cut, bruised, and shaken. The driver of the Midland train is charged with negligence in running past the junction when the line was not clear. His train was due at Birmingham five minutes later than the North-Western down train from London. It should be observed that although the Midland train, fortunately, remained on the viaduct, it suffered on the whole more seriously than the North-Western express. It consisted of engine, tender, van, horse-box, and nine carriages. The horse-box was literally smashed in two; and a mare and foal in the box were badly injured, and the groom in charge of them was crushed to death. The composition carriage which followed was also damaged, and few of its occupants escaped unhurt.



THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT BIRMINGHAM: WRECK OF THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN EXPRESS TRAIN.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS CLEOPATRA.

"On entendit la voix de Marc Antoine au dehors. D'un bond Cléopâtre se cacha derrière les rideaux du lit de repos, en criant: 'Enfin, je la verrai!'"





# A CHINESE GIRL GRADUATE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE  
By  
Professor Douglas.

CHAPTER III.

Jasmine's solitary journey had given her abundant time for reflection, and for the first time she had set herself seriously to consider her position. She recognised that she had hitherto followed only the impulses of the moment, and one of them had been the desire to escape complications by the wholesale sacrifice of truth; and she acknowledged to herself that, if justice were evenly dealt out, there must be a Nemesis in store for her which should bring distress and possibly disaster upon her. In her calmer moments she felt an instinctive foreboding that she was approaching a crisis in her fate, and it was with mixed feelings, therefore, that on the morning after her arrival she prepared to visit Tu and Wei, who were as yet ignorant of her presence.

She dressed herself with more than usual care for the occasion, choosing to attire herself in a blue silk robe and a mauve satin jacket which Tu had once admired, topped by a brand-new cap. Altogether her appearance as she passed through the streets justified the remark made by a passer-by: "A pretty youngster, and more like a maiden of eighteen than a man."

The hostelry at which Tu and Wei had taken up their abode was an inn befitting the dignity of such distinguished scholars. On inquiring at the door, Jasmine was ushered by a servant through one courtyard to an inner enclosure, where, under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading cotton-tree, Tu was reclining at his ease. Jasmine's delight at meeting her

friend was only equalled by the pleasure with which Tu greeted her. In his strong and gracious presence she became conscious that she was released from the absorbing care which had haunted her, and her soul leaped out in new freedom as she asked and answered questions of her friend. Each had much to say, and it was not for some time, when an occasional reference brought his name forward, that Jasmine noticed the absence of Wei. When she did, she asked after him.

"He left this some days ago," said Tu, "having some special business which called for his presence at home. He did not tell me what it was, but doubtless it was something of importance." Jasmine said nothing, but felt pretty certain in her mind as to the object of his hasty return.



Wei was as good as his word. With every regard to ceremony and ancient usage, the marriage of Tu and Jasmine was celebrated in the presence of relatives and friends.



Tu, attributing her silence to a reflection on Wei for having left the capital before her father's affair was settled, hastened to add—  
 "He was very helpful in the matter of your honoured father's difficulty, and only left when he thought he could not do any more."  
 "How do matters stand now?" asked Jasmine, eagerly.  
 "We have posted a memorial at the palace gate," said Tu, "and have arranged that it shall reach the right quarter."

dress, looked herself up and down, to the increasing amusement of Tu.  
 "So," said he at last, "you deceitful little hussy, you have been deceiving me all these years by passing yourself off as a man, when in reality you are a girl."  
 Overcome with confusion, Jasmine hung her head, and murmured—  
 "Who has betrayed me?"  
 "You have betrayed yourself," said Tu, holding up the

Analysts," and so there was also to this lovers' colloquy. For just as Jasmine was explaining, for the twentieth time, the origin and basis of her love for Tu, a waiter entered to announce the arrival of Jasmine's luggage.

"I don't know quite," said Tu, "where we are to put your two men. But, by-the-bye," he added, as the thought struck him, "did you really travel all the way in the company of these two men only?"  
 "Oh! Tu," said Jasmine, laughing, "I have something else to confess to you."

"What! another lover?" said Tu, affecting horror and surprise.  
 "No; not another lover, but another woman. The short, stout one is a woman, and came as my maid. She is the wife of 'The Dragon.'"

"Well, now have you told me all? For I am getting so confused about the people you have transformed from women to men that I shall have doubts about my own sex next."  
 "Yes, Tu, dear; now you know all," said Jasmine, laughing. But not all the good news which was in store for him, for scarcely had Jasmine done speaking when a letter arrived from his friend in the Board of War, who wrote to say that he had succeeded in getting the Military Intendant of Mienchu transferred to a post in the province of Kwangsi, and that the departure of this noxious official would mean the release of the Colonel, as he alone was the Colonel's accuser. This news added one more note to the chord of joy which had been making harmony in Jasmine's heart for some hours, and readily she agreed with Tu that they should set off homewards on the following morning.

With no such adventure as that which had attended Jasmine's journey to the capital, they reached Mienchu, and, to their delight, were received by the Colonel in his own yamen. After congratulating him on his release, which Jasmine took care he should understand was due entirely to Tu's exertions, she gave him a full account of her various experiences on the road and at the capital.

"It is like a story out of a book of marvels," said her father, "and even now you have not exhausted all the necessary explanations. For, since my release, your friend Wei has been here to ask for my daughter in marriage. From some questions I put to him, he is evidently unaware that you are my only daughter, and I therefore put him off and told him to wait until you returned. He is in a very impatient state, and, no doubt, will be over shortly."

Nor was the Colonel wrong, for almost immediately Wei was announced, who, after expressing the genuine pleasure he felt at seeing Jasmine again, began at once on the subject which filled his mind.

"I am so glad," he said, "to have this opportunity of asking you to explain matters. At present I am completely nonplussed. On my return from Peking I inquired of one of your father's servants about his daughter. 'He has not got one,' quoth the man. I went to another, and he said, 'You mean the 'Young Noble,' I suppose.' 'No, I don't,' I said, 'I mean his sister.' 'Well, that is the only daughter I know of,' said he. Then I went to your father, and all I could get out of him was, 'Wait until the 'Young Noble' comes home.' Please tell me what all this means."

"Your great desire is to marry a beautiful and accomplished girl, is it not?" said Jasmine.

"That certainly is my wish," said Wei.

"Well, then," said Jasmine, "I can assure you that your betrothal present is in the hands of such a one, and a girl whom to look at is to love."

"That may be," said Wei, "but my wish is to marry your sister."

"Will you go and talk to Tu about it?" said Jasmine, who felt that the subject was becoming too difficult for her, and



Under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading cotton-tree, Tu was reclining at his ease.

Fortunately, also, I have an acquaintance in the Board of War who has undertaken to do all he can in that direction, and promises an answer in a few days."

"I have brought with me," said Jasmine, "a petition prepared by my father. What do you think about presenting it?"

"At present I believe that it would only do harm. A superabundance of memorials is as bad as none at all. Beyond a certain point, they only irritate officials."

"Very well," said Jasmine, "I am quite content to leave the conduct of affairs in your hands."

"Well, then," said Tu, "that being understood, I propose that you should move your things over to this inn. There is Wei's room at your disposal, and your constant presence here will be a balm to my lonely spirit. At the Gate you are almost as remote as if you were in our study at Mienchu."

Jasmine was at first startled by this proposal. Though she had been constantly in the company of Tu, she had never lived under the same roof with him, and she at once recognised that there might be difficulties in the way of her keeping her secret if she were to be constantly under the eyes of her friend. But she had been so long accustomed to yield to the present circumstances, and was so confident that Fortune, which, with some slight irregularities, had always stood her friend, would not desert her on the present occasion, that she gave way.

"By all means," she said. "I will go back to my inn, and bring my things at once. This writing-case I will leave here. I brought it because it contains my father's petition."

So saying, she took her leave, and Tu retired to his easy-chair under the cotton-tree. But the demon of curiosity was abroad, and, alighting on the arm of Tu's chair, whispered in his ear that it might be well if he ran his eye over Colonel Wun's petition to see if there was any argument in it which he had omitted in his statement to the Board of War. At first Tu, whose nature was the reverse of inquisitive, declined to listen to these promptings, but so persistent did they become that he at last put down his book—"The Spring and Autumn Annals"—and, seating himself at the sitting-room table, opened the writing-case so innocently left by Jasmine. On the top were a number of red visiting-cards bearing the inscription, in black, of Wun Tsun-king, and beneath these was the petition. Carefully Tu read it through, and passed mental eulogies on it as he proceeded. The Colonel had put his case skillfully, but Tu had no difficulty in recognising Jasmine's hand, both in the composition of the document and in the penmanship. "If my attempt," he thought, "does not succeed, we will try what this will do." He was on the point of returning it to its resting-place, when he saw another document in Jasmine's handwriting lying by it. This was evidently a formal document, probably connected, as he thought, with the Colonel's case, and he therefore unfolded it and read as follows—

"The faithful maiden, Miss Wun of Mienchu Hien, with burning incense reverently prays the God of War to release her father from his present difficulties, and speedily to restore peace to her own soul by nullifying, in accordance with her desire, the engagement of the bamboo arrow and the contract of the box of precious ointment. A respectful petition."

As Tu read on surprise and astonishment took possession of his countenance. A second time he read it through, and then, throwing himself back in his chair, broke out into a fit of laughter.

"So," he said to himself, "I have allowed myself to be deceived by a young girl all these years. And yet not altogether deceived," he added, trying to find an excuse for himself; "for I have often fancied that there was the savour of a woman about the 'Young Noble.' I hope she is not one of those heaven-born girls who appear on earth to plague men, and who, just when they have aroused the affections they wished to excite, ascend through the air and leave their lovers mourning."

Just at this moment the door opened, and Jasmine entered, looking more lovely than ever, with the flush begotten by exercise on her beautifully moulded cheeks. At sight of her Tu again burst out laughing, to Jasmine's not unnatural surprise, who, thinking that there must be something wrong with her

incriminating document, "and here we have the story of the arrow with which you shot the hawk, but what the box of precious ointment means I don't know."

Confronted with this overwhelming evidence, poor Jasmine remained speechless, and dared not even lift her eyes to glance at Tu. That young man, seeing her distress, and being in no wise possessed by the scorn which he had put into his tone, crossed over to her and gently led her to a seat by him.

"Do you remember," he said, in so altered a voice that Jasmine's heart ceased to throb, as if it wished to force an opening through the finely formed bosom which enclosed it, "on one occasion in our study at home I wished that you were a woman that you might become my wife? Little did I think that my wish might be gratified. Now it is, and I beseech you to let us join our lives in one, and seek the happiness of the gods in each other's perpetual presence."

But, as if suddenly recollecting herself, Jasmine withdrew her hand from his, and, standing up before him with quivering lip and eyes full of tears, said—

"No. It can never be."

"Why not?" said Tu, in alarmed surprise.

"Because I am bound to Wei."

"What! Does Wei know your secret?"

"No. But do you remember when I shot that arrow in front of your study?"

"Perfectly," said Tu. "But what has that to do with it?"

"Why, Wei discovered my name on the shaft, and I, to keep my secret, told him that it was my sister's name. He then wanted to marry my sister, and I undertook, fool that I was, to arrange it for him. Now I shall be obliged to confess the truth, and he will have a right to claim me instead of my supposed sister."

"But," said Tu, "I have a prior right to that of Wei, for it was I who found the arrow. And in this matter I shall be ready to outface him at all hazards. But," he added, "Wei, I am sure, is not the man to take an unfair advantage of you."

"Do you really think so?" asked Jasmine.

"Certainly I do," said Tu.

"Then—then—I shall be—very glad," said poor Jasmine, hesitatingly, overcome with bashfulness, but full of joy.

At which gracious consent Tu recovered the hand which had been withdrawn from his, and Jasmine sank again into the chair at his side.

"But, Tu, dear," she said, after a pause, "there is something else that I must tell you before I can feel that my confessions are over."

"What! You have not engaged yourself to anyone else, have you?" said Tu, laughing.

"Yes, I have," she replied, with a smile, and she then gave her lover a full and particular account of how Mr. King had proposed to her on behalf of his niece and how she had accepted her.

"How could you frame your lips to utter such untruths?" said Tu, half laughing and half in earnest.

"Oh! Tu, falsehood is so easy and truth so difficult sometimes. But I feel that I have been very, very wicked," said poor Jasmine, covering her face with her hands.

"Well, you certainly have got yourself into a pretty hobble. So far as I can make out, you are at the present moment engaged to one young lady and two young men."

The situation thus expressed was so comical that Jasmine could not refrain from laughing through her tears; and, after a somewhat lengthened consultation with her lover, her face recovered its wonted smile, and round it hovered a halo of happiness which added light and beauty to every feature. There is something particularly entrancing in receiving the first confidences of a pure and loving soul. So Tu thought on this occasion, and while Jasmine was pouring the most secret workings of her inmost being into his ear those lines of the poet of the Sung dynasty came irresistibly into his mind—

'Tis sweet to see the flowers woo the sun,  
 To watch the quaint wiles of the cooling dove,  
 But sweeter far to hear the dulcet tones  
 Of her one loves confessing her great love.

But there is an end to everything, even to the "Confucian



Colonel Wun.

whose confidence in Tu's wisdom was unbounded, "and he will explain it all to you."

Even Tu, however, found it somewhat difficult to explain Jasmine's sphinx-like mysteries, and on certain points Wei showed a disposition to be anything but satisfied. Jasmine's engagement to Tu implied his rejection, and he was disposed to be spiteful and disagreeable about it. His pride was touched, and in his irritation he was inclined to impute treachery to his friend and deceit to Jasmine. To the first charge Tu had a ready answer, but the second was all the more annoying because there was some truth in it. However, Tu was not in the humour to quarrel, and, being determined to seek peace and confirm it, he overlooked Wei's innuendoes,



and made out the best case he could for his bride. On Miss King's beauty, virtues, and ability he enlarged with a wealth of diction and power of imagination which astonished himself, and Jasmine also, to whom he afterwards repeated the conversation. "Why, Tu, dear," said that artless maiden, "how can you know all this about Miss King? You have never seen her, and I am sure I never told you half of all this."

"Don't ask questions," said the enraptured Tu. "Let it be enough for you to know that Wei is as eager for the possession of Miss King as he was for your sister, and that he has promised to be my best man at our wedding-to-morrow."

And Wei was as good as his word. With every regard to ceremony and ancient usage, the marriage of Tu and Jasmine was celebrated in the presence of relatives and friends, who, attracted by the novelty of the antecedent circumstances, came from all parts of the country to witness the nuptials. By Tu's especial instructions also a prominence was allowed to Wei, which gratified his vanity, and smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his conceit.

Jasmine thought that no time should be lost in reducing Miss King to the same spirit of acquiescence to which Wei had been brought, and on the evening of her wedding-day she broached the subject to Tu.

"I shall not feel, Tu, dear," she said, "that I have gained absolution for my many deceptions until that very forward Miss King has been talked over into marrying Wei; and I insist, therefore," she added, with an amount of hesitancy which reduced the demand to the level of a plaintive appeal,

"Will you, old gentleman," \* said Tu, producing the lines which Miss King had sent Jasmine, "just cast your eyes over these verses, written to Wun by your cousin? Feeling most regretfully that he was unable to fulfil his engagement, Wun gave these to me as a testimony of the truth of what I now tell you."

King took the paper handed him by Tu, and recognised at a glance his cousin's handwriting.

"Alas!" he said, "Mr. Wun told us he was engaged, but, not believing him, I urged him to consent to marry my cousin. If you will excuse me, Sir," he added, "I will consult with the lady as to what should be done."

After a short absence he returned.

"My cousin is of opinion," he said, "that she cannot enter into any new engagement until Mr. Wun has come here himself and received back the betrothal present which he gave her on parting."

"I dare not deceive you, old gentleman, and will tell you at once that that betrothal present was not Wun's, but was my unworthy friend Wei's, and came into Wun's possession in a way that I need not now explain."

"Still," said King, "my cousin thinks Mr. Wun should present himself here in person and tell his own story; and I must say that I am of her opinion."

"It is quite impossible that Mr. Wun should return here," replied Tu, "but my 'stupid thorn'† is in the adjoining hostelry, and would be most happy to explain fully to Miss

overtures, but when I found that you persisted in your proposal, not being able to explain the truth, I thought the best thing to do was to hand you my friend's betrothal present which I had with me, intending to return and explain matters. And you will admit that in one thing I was truthful."

"What was that?" asked the maid.

"Why," answered Jasmine, "I said that if I did not marry your lady I would never marry any woman."

"Well, yes," said the maid, laughing, "you have kept your faith royally there."

"The friend I speak of," continued Jasmine, "has now taken his doctor's degree, and this stupid husband and wife have come from Mienchu to make you a proposal on his behalf."

Miss King was not one who could readily take in an entirely new and startling idea at once, and she sat with a half-dazed look staring at Jasmine without uttering a word. If it had not been for the maid, the conversation would have ceased, but that young woman was determined to probe the matter to the bottom.

"You have not told us," she said, "the gentleman's name. And will you explain why you call him your friend? How could you be on terms of friendship with him?"

"From my childhood," said Jasmine, "I have always dressed as a boy. I went to a boys' school."

"Hah! hah!" interjected the maid.

"And afterwards I joined my husband and this gentleman, Mr. Wei, in a reading party."



Miss King opened her eyes wide at this startling announcement, and gazed earnestly at her.

"that we start to-morrow for Ch'engtu to see the young woman."

"Ho! ho!" replied Tu, intensely amused at her attempted bravado. "These are brave words, and I suppose that I must humbly register your decrees."

"Oh! Tu, you know what I mean. You know that, like a child who takes a delight in conquering toy armies, I love to fancy that I can command so strong a man as you are. But, Tu, if you knew how absolutely I rely on your judgment, you would humour my folly and say 'yes.'"

There was a subtle incense of love and flattery about this appeal which, backed as it was by a look of tenderness and beauty, made it irresistible; and the arrangements for the journey were made in strict accordance with Jasmine's wishes.

On arriving at the inn which was so full of chastening memories to Jasmine, Tu sent his card to Mr. King, who, flattered by the attention paid him by so eminent a scholar, cordially invited Tu to his house.

"To what," he said, as Tu, responding to his invitation, entered his reception hall, "am I to attribute the honour of receiving your illustrious steps in my mean apartments?"

"I have heard," said Tu, "that the beautiful Miss King is your Excellency's cousin, and having a friend who is desirous of gaining her hand, I have come to plead on his behalf."

"I regret to say," replied King, "that your Excellency has come too late, as she has already received an engagement token from a Mr. Wun, who passed here lately on his way to Peking."

"Mr. Wun is a friend of mine also," said Tu, "and it was because I knew that his troth was already pledged that I ventured to come on behalf of him of whom I have spoken."

"Mr. Wun," said King, "is a gentleman and a scholar, and having given a betrothal present, he is certain to communicate with us direct in case of any difficulty."

King Wun's entire inability to play the part of a husband to her."

"If your honourable consort would meet my cousin, she, I am sure, will be glad to talk the matter over with her."

With Tu's permission, Miss King's maid was sent to the inn to invite Jasmine to call on her mistress. The maid, who was the same who had acted as Miss King's messenger on the former occasion, glanced long and earnestly at Jasmine. Her features were familiar to her, but she could not associate them with any lady of her acquaintance. As she conducted her to Miss King's apartments, she watched her stealthily, and became more and more puzzled by her appearance. Miss King received her with civility, and after exchanging wishes that each might be granted ten thousand blessings, Jasmine said, smiling—

"Do you recognise Mr. Wun?"

Miss King looked at her, and seeing in her a likeness to her beloved, said—

"What relation are you to him, lady?"

"I am his very self," said Jasmine.

Miss King opened her eyes wide at this startling announcement, and gazed earnestly at her.

"Hah! hah!" cried her maid, clapping her hands, "I thought there was a wonderful likeness between the lady and Mr. Wun. But who would have thought that she was he?"

"But what made you disguise yourself in that fashion?" asked Miss King, in an abashed and somewhat vexed tone.

"My father was in difficulties," said Jasmine, "and as it was necessary that I should go to Peking to plead for him, I dressed as a man for the convenience of travel. You will remember that in the first instance I declined your flattering

"Didn't they discover your secret?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"That's odd," said the maid. "But will you tell us something about this Mr. Wei?"

Upon this, Jasmine launched out in a glowing eulogy upon her friend. She expatiated with fervour on his youth, good looks, learning, and prospects, and with such effect did she speak that Miss King, who began to take in the situation, ended by accepting cordially Jasmine's proposal.

"And now, lady, you must stay and dine with me," said Miss King, when the bargain was struck, "while my cousin entertains your husband in the hall."

At this meal the beginning of a friendship was formed between the two ladies which lasted ever afterwards, though it was somewhat unevenly balanced. Jasmine's stronger nature felt compassion mingled with liking for the pretty doll-like Miss King, while that young lady entertained the profoundest admiration for her guest.

There was nothing to delay the fulfilment of the engagement thus happily arranged, and at the next full moon Miss King had an opportunity of comparing her bridegroom with the picture of him which Jasmine had drawn.

Scholars are plentiful in China, but it was plainly impossible that men of such distinguished learning as that which belonged to Tu and Wei should be left among the unemployed, and almost immediately after their marriage they were appointed to important posts in the empire. Tu rose rapidly to the highest rank, and died, at a good old age, Viceroy of the Metropolitan Province and senior guardian to the heir-apparent. Wei was not so supremely fortunate, but then, as Tu used to say, "he had not a Jasmine to help him."

\* A term of respect.

† Wife.





SIGNOR MASCAGNI, COMPOSER OF "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

Pietro Mascagni, the young musical composer of Leghorn, has leaped into fame with a suddenness that is rare in our days, and has attained it, too, in the bloom of life, when success can still afford pleasure, when mind and body are not yet worn and spent. The story of the rapid jump into European notoriety of the composer of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" is too well known to need recapitulation. It is delightful to see the naïve, boylike pleasure that his success affords him; happily, too, it has aroused in him the ambition to be true to his better self, to show himself worthy the confidence the public of Europe and America have placed in him.

While staying at Florence to superintend the production of "*L'Amico Fritz*" at the Pergola, he often frequented the house of his fellow-townsmen, V. Corcos, the excellent artist, and, half in joke, the latter proposed to paint the portrait of the composer. An admirable likeness was the result, of which, thanks to the courtesy of the artist, we are able to place a reproduction before our readers. Artist and model were in this case happily matched,

for, if the characteristics of Mascagni's music are vigour joined to grace, the same may be said of the productions of Corcos. This artist, who as young as Mascagni met with worldly success, made his first studies under the great Neapolitan painter Domenico Morelli, and then passed into the studio of Léon Bonnat of Paris, where he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of two persons destined to help him greatly on his road to prosperity—M. Blowitz, the well-known Paris correspondent of the *Times*, and M. Armand Gourzien, Inspecteur des Beaux Arts. He himself considers that he has never been more successful than in his portrait of Mascagni, a work which was to him a labour of love, and which the composer is happy and proud to possess. It was the artist's endeavour to give as far as possible the sense of Mascagni's youthful vigour; hence he is placed in the careless, half boyish attitude which is habitual to him; astride a *fumeuse*, with his hands lightly laid upon the back. A curious feature of the picture is that the whole is bathed in a semi-darkness, so that

the head and features, though quite clear, are left in a half light that suggests dreamy contemplation, and out of this penumbra the scrutinising eyes of the musician seem to flash with earnest meaning, gazing at a point in space where, perhaps, he hears a celestial melody. Corcos says that he has striven above all else to reproduce the dominant feature of Mascagni's character, which is quiet persistence, causing him neither to rest nor to haste.

In a short space of time the world will have yet another work from Mascagni—this time an opera of longer dimensions, based on the "*Rantzau*" of Erckmann-Chatrian. Nor does his fecundity and variety cease here. He is busy writing at the same time two other operas—one putting into music Heine's one-act tragedy of "*William Ratcliffe*," and the other François Coppée's exquisite idyll "*Le Passant*," once Sarah Bernhardt's *cheval de bataille*. A greater contrast than will be presented by these two works it is difficult to conceive.

HELEN ZIMMERN, &



## TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The weather was favourable for this military ceremonial at the Horse Guards' Parade on Wednesday, May 25, in celebration of the Queen's birthday. A brief storm before eight in morning had cooled the air and laid the dust, and, though about ten o'clock there were a few drops of rain, they soon ceased. At nine o'clock a large force of the men of the Brigade of Guards off duty, under Colonel Wilson, C.B., Scots Guards, cleared and kept the ground. This was not a difficult task, as the number of spectators was fewer than usual. The windows over the archway of the Horse Guards were occupied by Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

At half-past nine the contingent of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, followed soon after by the 1st Battalion contingent, with drums and pipes playing successively, the contingents of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and a squadron of the 2nd Life Guards, arrived.

By ten o'clock all the troops were drawn up. On the right, looking to the eastward, the squadron of the 2nd Life Guards, the band in their rich ceremonial dresses. The officers were Captain Longfield, Lieutenant Ellison, and Second Lieutenant Hankey. To the right of the infantry, the bulk of which faced the Horse Guards, while a portion faced the squadron of cavalry, were the two flank companies of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, commanded, No. 1, by Major John Ross of Bladensburg, whose subalterns were Lieutenant Maude and Second Lieutenant Studd; No. 8, by Captain Stopford, with Lieutenant Wingfield and Second Lieutenant Garrett as subalterns. The Coldstream Guards were posted on the right of the line because, being the battalion furnishing the Queen's Guard, they also provided the colour. On the left of the Coldstream Guards came in



ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



THE MASSED BANDS.

remounted. The Duke then inspected the line, the combined bands, under Second Lieutenant Godfrey, playing the "Jubilee March," by Voigt. The troop followed, the bands first of all marching in slow time from the right to the left of the line, playing "La Basoche" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Messager and Mascagni. The bands retraced their steps in quick time, playing the "Dorner March," by Ziehrer. The escort for the colour then marched across the front of the line to the strains of "The British Grenadiers." After receiving the colour, a ceremony which lost in scenic display by the omission under the new drill of the flank men of the two ranks to face outwards, the colour was trooped—that is, passed in solemn procession along the front of the line, the front rank of the escort passing in file between the front and rear ranks and the rear rank of the escort passing between the rear and supernumerary ranks. The bands played during this movement the "Grenadiers' March" and the "Prince of Saxe-Coburg's March." The next stage in the performance was the march past. The 2nd Life Guards went by at a walk, displaying, squadron for squadron, the most irresistible heavy cavalry in the world. They were followed by the eight companies of the Guards in column, in slow time; the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards doing very well indeed. The different regiments were played past to the following marches: Grenadier Guards, the "Duke of York's March"; the Coldstream Guards, the march in "Figaro"; and the Scots Guards, the "Garb of Old Gaul." The troops next went past, the cavalry in column of troops at a trot and the infantry in column in quick time. The line being reformed, there was a royal salute, and the Duke having ridden off the ground, the Guards marched to their respective destinations. The Queen's Guard, headed by the combined bands, marched to St. James's Palace.

succession the Queen's Company, 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, Captain Strentfeldt, Lieutenant Bailey, and Second Lieutenant Ashley; No. 8 of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, Captain Anderton, Lieutenant Heywood Lonsdale, and Second Lieutenant Warrender; the right flank company of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, Major R. Inigo Jones, Lieutenant Malcolm, and Second Lieutenant Viscount Maitland; the left flank company of the same battalion, Captain Dundas, Lieutenant Berkeley Levett, and Second Lieutenant Lascelles; the right flank company of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, Captain John Stracey, Second Lieutenant the Hon. C.S. Drummond-Wiloughby, and Second Lieutenant Bell; the left flank company of the same battalion, Colonel Arthur Paget, Lieutenant Cuthbert, and Lieutenant Wigram. In command of the parade was Colonel Trotter, Grenadier Guards, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting; while his Major was Colonel Villiers Hatton, Grenadier Guards, and his Adjutant Captain F. Lloyd, Grenadier Guards, Adjutant in Brigade Waiting.

At half-past ten, the Duke of Cambridge, dressed in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and wearing the blue riband of the Garter, rode on to the ground, and was received with a royal salute. He was accompanied by Prince Christian, in a general officer's uniform and wearing the riband of the Garter, and was attended by the Horse Guards Staff, comprising Sir R. Grenfell, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Reginald Gipps, Lieut.-General Hon. W. Feilding, and others; by several foreign military attachés, by Major-General Lord Methuen, commanding the Home District, and his staff; and Colonels Sterling and Gascoigne, commanding respectively the Coldstream Guards and the Scots Guards. An awkward incident occurred at this moment. The horse of Colonel Athorpe, commanding Royal Engineers, Home District, reared and fell. Fortunately, the rider was not hurt and immediately



THE MARCH PAST.



## LITERARY PATRIOTISM.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Patriotism is an emotion, or a creed, so noble, so attractive, and in some regions so rare, that possibly we ought to admire even its vagaries. But perhaps patriotism becomes a virtue in the wrong place when it bestirs itself in letters, not, of course, in patriotic poetry, but in asserting exclusive claims for our own national literature. The merits and demerits of works of art have nothing to do with the country in which they were produced. A book, a poem, an essay, is good or bad *per se*. The French and Germans do not quite seem to see this, in matters antiquarian. A German has lately tried to show that all the poetical legends of Europe, from the tale of Troy to that of Roland, are of Teutonic origin. If a German advances a theory on an Egyptian topic, a Frenchman is almost certain to advocate an opposite view. The French, however, though very patriotic, do not take the trouble to concern themselves much with any supposed superiority of any modern literature over their own. They generally ignore English literature altogether, and we find M. Jules Lemaitre plaintively remonstrating with French critics who admire Shelley and Wordsworth. Is not French literature enough? he seems to say. Cannot you leave these other people alone? And, except for their specialists, like M. Taine and M. Paul Bourget, they do leave us alone; they certainly do not read our novelists and essayists. Well, nobody complains of that kind of patriotism, though English letters were fashionable under the French kings.

American literary patriotism is more aggressive. Americans do read us a good deal, and criticise us too, often with a generosity of praise rather astonishing to the British author; often less favourably, but not unconstructively. Of late, however, the literary patriotism of some Americans has received a dash of vinegar. These gentlemen seem to think that we are a doubtful set of persons, who may lower the moral and social tone of the Great Republic. Copyright for English authors is really protection for American authors, but they are not content with this amount of protection: they warn their young authors against our siren-like seductions. Of this policy, a curious example has just come under one's notice. A humorous young American essayist, Miss Repplier, has published two little volumes of literary essays, which, it seems, are to be produced in this country. Now, two American reviews, the old and admired *Atlantic Monthly* and a newer magazine, have noticed Miss Repplier, not without censure. She is fond of quotations, and both her critics remark, with pain, that she quotes more from English than from American authors. In the nature of things, there is more to quote from in the older literature. But her conduct is regarded as reprehensibly unpatriotic and "colonial." "Colonial" is good. Surely this kind of blame carries literary patriotism rather too far. In a bundle of nine or ten essays an author will quote what he or she finds suitable and apt to the matter in hand. British remarks might blamelessly appear, with regard to the matter in hand, more suitable than those of native origin. One must admit that the English contemporaries whom Miss Repplier exceeds in, according to her critics, are not all exactly Lamb or Hazlitts, Addisons or Steeles. Many of them might, perhaps, as well be left alone. But, as Miss Repplier shows a good knowledge not only of earlier English literature but of such a delightful and neglected foreign author as Guibert de Nogent, there can be no complaint of the extent of her reading. The complaint is that she cites literary Tom, Dick, and Harry of England, and does not cite Mr. Lowell or Dr. Holmes often, or literary Tom, Dick, and Harry of America. This, it seems, is being colonial and unpatriotic. This is where exaggerated sensitiveness comes in. An author surely may quote what suits his purpose for the moment without caring which side of the ocean he turns to for citations. So we think, but the American patriot thinks otherwise. He makes it almost a point of national honour to quote national authors. Now, even the Scotch do not carry matters quite so far, nor blame a scribbling Scot for neglecting to cite the gifted Gilliland or Christopher North, while he does adorn his pages with jewels from Mr. Lowell, or Emerson, or Dr. Holmes, or whoever it may be. This would not offend that Caledonian Thistle which nobody injures with impunity. The American Eagle, or some American eagles, are much more sensitive. However, it is improbable that Miss Repplier will impose a severe tariff on her foreign quotations, or favour native produce when she does not want it, to please the eagle of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In another matter American sensitiveness is very intelligible, and might have been left unprovoked. The desire to erect a memorial to Mr. Lowell in Westminster Abbey was very natural, because all who knew him admired and loved that great and genial man of letters. But, unless the Abbey is to be a literary Valhalla of the English-speaking people, perhaps this tribute of sincere affection might have been let alone. Westminster is a very casual, unorganised Valhalla. Plenty of people are there commemorated who did little or nothing to deserve the honour. Plenty of people are uncommemorated whose renown fills the world. Neither Scott nor Burns has a memorial there, and, speaking as a Scot, I never knew the Caledonian who "fashed his thoomb" over this grievance. As for the Americans, Hawthorne, Poe, Prescott, Emerson, and the rest, have no monuments in the Abbey. It is not a Valhalla of the English-speaking peoples, nor even of the English. It is a casual collection. To have been commemorated there does not mean enduring renown; not to be there commemorated is no blemish on fame. It does not appear yet to be decided whether a memorial to Mr. Lowell is to be erected there or not, or, if within those walls, in what part of them it shall be. But the hesitations of the Dean, who, doubtless, has reasons—not literary reasons—of which one knows nothing at all, were certain to annoy touchy Americans, as if the reasons had any connection whatever with the universal and spontaneous regard for Mr. Lowell in England. They were sure to say that we did not think Mr. Lowell great enough and

good enough, and so forth, whereas that is not the question at all. It would be wise to come to some settled conclusion. Is Westminster Abbey to be made a general literary Valhalla of the English-speaking race? If so, surely a single ecclesiastical functionary ought not to have the duty of granting or withholding renown. Or is it to be reserved exclusively for English citizens? In that case, we had better leave off trying to express there our admiration for aliens. If there were really any such Valhalla, surely Hawthorne and Scott should have their share in it, and to have a monument there would be a matter of pure and laudable ambition. As matters stand, many of the English great are absent, many of the obscure are commemorated. It may be well to be honoured there; not to be honoured there, however, is not equivalent to being neglected. Till something is definitely settled, perhaps, the less we interfere the better. It only causes misconception, and what is meant for good will give occasion for rancour. For example, the world at large does not know whether Mr. Lowell would have desired such foreign commemoration. Certain honours which were offered to him, as the rectorship of a Scottish University, he was unable to accept. It seems to myself that, if one or two Americans may be honoured in Westminster Abbey, all of equal recognised rank, born on either side of the sea, should be honoured also. But anything is better than wrangling over the dust of a good man, a great man of letters, a true patriot, a sincere friend of our kindred people. Till some general and generally acceptable rule is established we shall do wisely in leaving matters alone. If Mr. Whittier were to join the majority—*abstine omnia*!—we might have all these misconceptions awakened again, all this literary sensitiveness might be stirred afresh.

## THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

Small-pox is no small matter; and in out-of-the-way corners of the newspapers we may read that this very dreadful disease is appearing and disappearing here and there, like the little tongues of flame on a house-roof which betoken mischief within. Not that there has been any great cause for alarm till lately; and even now the alarming thing is not so much the actual sporadic outbreak in London and elsewhere as the epidemic that may be expected to follow upon an interim report of the Royal Commission on Vaccination. This report recommends so great a relaxation of the vaccination law that it comes to this: any man may purchase immunity for leaving his child unvaccinated by the payment of a twenty-shilling fine; and if he cannot pay the fine without inconvenience, or chooses not to pay it, he need not go in much fear of imprisonment till he does. Of course, the recommendations of a Commission are not law till Parliament makes them so, which has yet to be done in this case; but the fact is that for some time past many Boards of Guardians have enforced the vaccination law very feebly or not at all (showing a particular weakness in refraining from the exaction of repeated fines), and the natural effect of the Commissioners' recommendations is to encourage neglect of vaccination on the one hand and to discourage prosecution for neglect on the other. If so, it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that an already increasing number of small-pox centres will multiply, and themselves become confluent; running into each other till large areas of the population are in full epidemic. An illustration of that unhappy consequence stands before us at this moment. There is more violent opposition to the vaccination law in Dewsbury than anywhere else in England; and nowhere in England has small-pox made so alarming a reappearance as in Dewsbury. If, indeed, the whole country were like Dewsbury in this particular, the number of small-pox cases recorded since the beginning of the year would be reckoned by scores of thousands! How does that fact seem to bear on the recommendations of the Commission, and the effect they have had on Boards of Guardians sapine enough and timorous enough before? But while we lament the far too great success of the anti-vaccinationists, it should be acknowledged that their "agitation" was not altogether groundless at the start. For there can be no doubt at all that not many years ago vaccination was commonly performed upon common people by parish doctors and the like with extreme carelessness—and carelessness of a most dangerous kind. When a man carried his vaccination needles charged with the lymph of doubtful origin and character in a pocket-book hinged in a breast coat-pocket (as if to ensure the more speedy decomposition of the vaccine matter), and when he did not consider too carefully how long he carried them about in that way—is it surprising that many poor women found their children peak and pine from the day they were vaccinated? Of course not. The dread of vaccination in those times was very far from being fanciful. Thousands of children of the poorer class were ruined in health—not by vaccination, but by an astonishing carelessness and want of thought among doctors. However, those days are past. There is occasional carelessness now, no doubt, as there is in the selection of drugs, and so forth; but the profession became fully alive long since to the fatal negligence of some among a certain order of practitioners, and there is no longer any appreciable ground for the dread that still survives. What is to be feared is that deference to the anti-vaccination clamour may convert dozens of towns into Dewsburies.

The military festival at Islington ("Tournament" it was called) being over much too soon, I wish it would begin again before long; and, for a particular reason, I wish it could be repeated at least once a year in every great provincial city. More than that, I have been wondering whether (supposing a little money needed to pay expenses, which, however, is not in the least degree likely) a few hundreds out of the millions spent on war-preparation would not be well expended in providing a similar spectacle annually in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and one or two great English towns. If there are no sufficiently large buildings for the purpose out of London, it

would be almost worth while providing them. For, in the first place, we knew before Mr. Kipling put the matter into song that a little more sympathy between civilian and soldier (in time of peace) is highly desirable; and it is a safe thing to say that of the tens of thousands of people of every class who went to see the "Tournament" at Islington not one but came away with a heightened feeling of pride in the Queen's soldiery, and a fuller sense of the "stand-by" which such a soldiery is. Multiply these tens of thousands by three or four, and would not that be a great gain? Moreover, some who went more than once to this splendid spectacle say that they were struck by the enormous number of lads and young men in the cheaper seats or where you had to stand: young fellows of the working classes. Very well, what does the recruiting-sergeant in Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, York, say to that? The recruiting-sergeant is doing a terribly bad business now, true though it be that large numbers of strong young labourers flock into the towns every year. They would be better off in the Army, too, most of these immigrants from the village, than they are likely to find themselves in the over-crowded "market" for porters and day labourers in towns.

A statue will never be erected in honour of Andrew Buckingham; but it would appear that many an individual who does not live in bronze, or has been forgotten in marble, deserved the honour less. Andrew Buckingham (good name for inscription on a pedestal) was a Drury Lane boy who founded the Drury Lane Boys' Club—now a flourishing institution. Since it is not everybody that knows what a Drury Lane boy is like, it should be said that the typical picture of him would represent one of the poorest, raggedest, wildest, sharpest, most ignorant, and most tempted of the growing sons of Poverty. If Andrew Buckingham was not all this himself, he lived with other boys who were; and what does young Buckingham do? Reflecting upon their situation and his own, he calls together two or three other Drury Lane boys and starts the idea of a club. Premises were already provided, in his mother's cellar; which promised to do very well but for the encumbrance of an old mangle, which occupied too much space. That, however, Andrew's mother was willing to clear out. The club was formed, upon rules drawn up by the boys themselves; one of the regulations being that "no bad language shall be used." No sooner was the club started than its membership increased. A good parson's daughter heard of it, and got permission for the club to meet in the parish room two or three days a week; then a fife and drum band was formed by help of a kindly retired regimental bandmaster; and so the club went on till Mrs. Hodgson Burnett "took hold," and now it has premises of its own, with reading-room, library, and all things appropriate. If Andrew Buckingham still lives, he should have a rich merchant for master; and his master should have but one daughter, and that daughter should not be less good than beautiful, and Andrew should marry her and found a Family.

Had Mr. Hardy witnessed the burning of Handley village in his own county of Dorset, what a picture might we expect in some new story of a Tess or a Bathsheba! Such a scene, for such a painter, has rarely been presented to English eyes, or so much of homely tragedy. The lonely village—lonely, but lying snug and prosperous in its leafy hollow amid the naked downs; the shades of evening rising among the flowery orchard trees and about the beeches and the low church tower; the shadows deepening into the still peace of night; and then the outbreak of the fire. A little flame, a light alarm, but presently the leaping of the flame from thatch to thatch till all Handley village was a-fire. We see the poor people in the street, watching beside what goods they could save, the goods that were burning; the roofs falling amid yet another and another cry of lamentation, and no help at hand or to be hoped for. But, sad as that sight must have been, and yet more sad when it changed to morning light heaving upon rows of ruined homesteads and blackened garden-plots, it could not have made so terrible a picture as that of a certain Scotch mining village which was drawn for us a little while ago. Better a hamlet in ashes than the node of so much idleness, drunkenness, foulness of every kind, without poverty as extenuation or excuse. There is poverty enough in other villages up there in the north—some that is not much to be pitied, since it is the outcome of an obstinate stupidity in "striking," but other some, as in Cleveland, which punishes with the direst distress the folly committed by Labour on strike elsewhere. And the worst of it is that when benevolence is solicited for the blameless suffering of the Cleveland folk, doubt arises as to whether help should be bestowed, for would not that be to encourage a repetition of unreasonable and ruinous Durham strikes? G.

## "ACADEMY PICTURES."

To those who have not already had enough of reproductions of the Academy pictures, we can heartily commend any one of the three ventures at present before us.\* The "Academy Pictures," which are published uniform in size with the *Art Journal*, have claims not only on account of the excellence of the reproductions, but by virtue of their very large size. The "Academy Notes" of Mr. Blackburn, on the other hand, commend themselves by the exactly opposite virtue of smallness—they are convenient to carry in the hand; while the *Pall Mall Extra*, midway in size between its rivals, appears, in its first edition, in all the glory of colours; in its second edition in black and white. The *Pall Mall Extra* contains portraits of the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, with views of their studios, and forms altogether a delightful handbook to the pictures of the year.

\* *Academy Pictures*. Parts I, II, and III. (Cassell.)  
*Academy Notes*. Edited by Henry Blackburn. (Chatto and Windus.)  
*Pictures of 1892*. (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office, Northumberland Street.)



## LITERATURE.

## LORD LYTON'S LAST POEMS.

BY DR. GARNETT.

*Marah.* By Owen Meredith. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—The position of the late Earl of Lytton among the poets of his day is a very peculiar one. With most brilliant gifts, he seems at first sight to labour under an insuperable disqualification for a high and permanent place among them. In the vital department of style he is, in a great measure, imitative. He has not one style but many, reflecting that of the writer whose spell has last enthralled his sensitive imagination. His best qualities are here a snare to him: his generous, unenvying appreciation of the excellent delivers him over to the poetical favourite of the hour; his extraordinary command of language permits the complete appropriation and perfect assimilation of whatever form has taken his fancy. His feats in the reproduction of Browning especially are those of a virtuoso; and the very spirit of Victor Hugo seems to have passed into "Chronicles and Characters." The most remarkable—with one exception, not generally known—of his works is avowedly a paraphrase of the Polish poet Krasinski. Such a gift is worthy of all honour in its degree, but Lord Lytton himself would have admitted that *novus iter ad astra*. If he arrives there notwithstanding—and we think he will—it will be because, though his style was often borrowed, his soul always belonged to himself. His was a most interesting individuality, unlike that of any contemporary writer. His social and diplomatic experience, his cosmopolitan culture, his whole way of looking at life, singled him out decisively from the throng of poetic rivals. Inverting Pope's sarcasm at parrot-poets "who repeat others' words in such a harsh odd tone that they seem their own," he delivered his own words with such foreign modulations that they seemed the words of others. He was no plagiarist, but an impressionable singer, who was affected by verbal as others are affected by natural beauties, and reproduced them without surrendering his own individuality to his models any more than descriptive poets yield up theirs to the clouds and the stars.

These remarks are well illustrated by "Marah," which is Heine and not Heine. Most of the poems have more or less of the Heinesque touch, the most elaborate, "Sonnium Bellinum," is a mere transposition into another key of one of the latest and longest poems that Heine wrote. But yet, though the volume would manifestly not have worn its present shape without Heine, it is equally manifest that it does not owe its existence to him. The poems speak unmistakably of a true experience; they are not, as so frequently is the case with Heine, purely affected or simply mocking and ironical. The dominant emotion of the book, the pain of an intellectual and faithful nature attracted, in spite of its better discernment, by a light and comparatively unworthy one, is deeply realised by the author, and the truth of his utterance would command respect even were the poetical expression inadequate. But this is not the case. The diction, though occasionally too facile and fluent, is free from the meretriciousness which sometimes mars Lord Lytton's early work: its chief fault is a tendency to words more suited for serious prose than to poetry, as where the minstrel sings of—

A prediction that does but suggest  
A fulfilment it leaves undefined.

On the other hand, the expression is sometimes admirably terse and 'buoyant', as in the little poem entitled "Telepathy"—

Last night we met where others meet,  
To part as others part;  
And greeted but as others greet,  
Who greet not heart to heart.

We talked of other things, and then  
To other folk passed by;  
You turned and sat with other men;  
With other women, I.

And yet a world of things unsaid  
Meanwhile between us passed;  
Your cheek my phantom kiss flush'd red,  
And you look'd up at last;

And then your glance met mine midway  
Across the chattering crowd;  
And all that heart to heart can say  
Was in that glance avow'd.

Pieces in this key belong, for the most part, to the first section of the poems. As the volume lengthens out, the shadows keep it company, and ere the middle is attained all is disillusion. The author's mood is often very bitter, his gentler feeling is well expressed in the following very Heinesque little piece—

A feeling to-night comes o'er me  
That once in this heart's dim gleam  
I was happy beyond all dreaming,  
But it may have been only a dream.

A dream or a memory is it,  
That here in the same soft glow  
Two entranced ones nestled together,  
And that I was one of the two?

I seem to remember a gladness  
That haunted of old this spot  
But was it mine or another's?  
Ah! that I remember not.

The poems towards the end of the volume are, in general, longer, more objective, and less intimately connected with the theme of disappointed and disenchanting love. They are generally fanciful—over-fanciful. A note of reconciliation sounds faintly in the Epilogue, a singularly graceful and melodious little poem. The volume, as a whole, in no respect disparages Lord Lytton's reputation, but it is not such poetry as could hope to endure solely on its own merits, independent of all association with the distinguished person who gave it birth.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. Swinburne's play, *The Sisters* (Chatto and Windos), suggests comparisons with his earlier dramatic work, so fully and even gorgeously coloured, so instinct with the spirit of poetry. In this light, "The Sisters" inevitably wears a somewhat thin and unsubstantial aspect. Moreover, it is difficult to assign it any precise or well-marked place in modern poetry. Its slight and not altogether coherent action takes place in 1816, in a country house of a Northumbrian gentleman. But the one touch of "local colour" supplied consists in the fact that the hero has been wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and that Mr. Swinburne, through his mouth, introduces a fine description of the experience of the wounded man as he lay on the field, and works in a vigorous eulogy of the Duke of Wellington. For the rest, "The Sisters" is a curious blend of drawing-room tragedy and Elizabethan "Sturm und Drang." Mr. Swinburne has borrowed the rather cheap accessories of the "Italianate" English drama which he has criticised so admirably—the dagger and poison-bowl—and flung them a trifle incongruously on an otherwise modern stage. Moreover, it is curious to find Mr. Swinburne, the master of the most ornate and finely rounded poetic style, writing a somewhat shapeless blank verse, with rough monosyllabic endings, often consisting of pronouns and prepositions, such as he has himself condemned in Byron. Not that the form of "The Sisters" is always, or even habitually, unsatisfactory. It is usually pretty and graceful, and some passages, such as the lyrics and the description of North-country scenes, are full of fresh and real charm. The defect of the play is its want of dramatic quality, the failure of the characters to impress us with the belief that they are anything more than gracefully draped marionettes, whose very garb is of rather an antique fashion.

The plot of "The Sisters" such as it is, is simplicity itself.

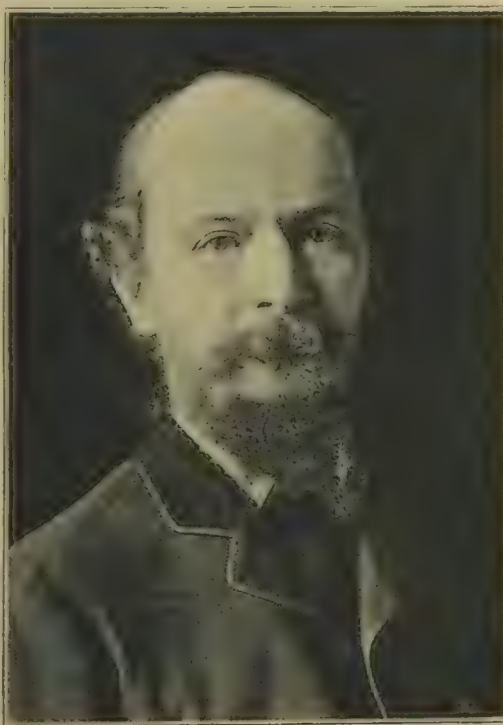


Photo by Elliott and Fry.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Mabel, one of two sisters, is in love with "Redgie," a poor young officer, and one of the heroes of Waterloo. So is Anne, the other sister, who is built, it appears, in a far more tragic mould than any other character in the piece. Another young man, somewhat tepidly in love with Mabel, but cheerfully resigning her to the equally modest "Redgie," and an elder personage appear in the drama, but they have no vital relation to it. Mabel at length practically "proposes" to Redgie, and everything moves happily along, save for the disappointment and suppressed passion of Anne. The tragic turn to this genteel comedy of early nineteenth-century manners is given by the medium of an adaptation of an Italian play by Redgie, which he and the sisters perform for the amusement of their host. There is jealousy and poison and daggers in the play—the poison and daggers, of true Venetian type, having been (very naively) supplied out of the old armoury and laboratory in the castle. Mabel enters hot from the task of "monthing Redgie's rant," and asks for a drink. Anne suddenly hands her a cup of poison she had designed for herself. Redgie enters and drinks after her, and the lovers die together. That is the end, and it is impossible to say more of it than that, with a certain surface prettiness, it hardly suggests a rational or worthy poetic design.

## YORKSHIRE FOLK-TALK.

*Yorkshire Folk-Talk.* By the Rev. M. C. F. Morris. (Frowde, 1892).—This book, in our judgment, ranks only next in interest, while in some respects it is equal in value, to Canon Atkinson's delightful "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish." Since the old and forceful dialects are doomed—for the "Zeit-Geist" no man can avert—the next best thing is such a record of them as this. That of Yorkshire is three-fourths Norse, and Mr. Morris fitly supplies constant reference to Scandinavian words. His easy style and abundant stories of the confusion caused by the "folk-talk" as it falls on stranger ears, make the book attractive reading throughout, the later chapters being the liveliest in the references to customs and superstitions, which are also of corroborative value to the folklorist. The Glossary is a sound piece of work, and, withal, necessary, when we come across a phrase like this: "Ah aims she's ligged her latter"—i.e., speaking of a hen, "I expect she's laid her last egg" (before sitting).

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

L. there is a word which more unmistakably than another proclaims to all men with an ear its "bow-wow" origin, and consequently its true pronunciation, it is *sough* or *ugh*—the sound best made by the wind playing on the fir-branches. It is a favourite word with the poets, but it is not invariably used with knowledge. The dictionaries are partly to blame. "Webster" tells us to pronounce *sough* as if it rhymed with *buff*, just as it tells us to pronounce *loch* as if it were the *loch* of a door. But "Webster," though it is now recognised as official, is American. "Chambers" ought to know better, but (omitting *loch* altogether) it also gives *loch* and *loch* the same sound. No doubt the ability to give their guttural due to *sough* and *loch* is not vouchsafed to every man, but that is hardly an excuse for misdirection.

No wonder the poets are puzzled. One of the young gentlemen of the "Rhymers' Club," whose "Book" appeared lately, defies the dictionary. He knew it *must* be wrong, drew his bow at a venture, and missed. Thus—

The river murmurs to the boughs,  
The boughs make music each to each,  
And still an amorous west wind *soughs*,  
And lingers down the lonesome reach.

If *soughs* really rhymed to *boughs* (except "to the eye"—which is not rhyming at all), how does it express the sound of any kind of wind among any kind of boughs?

Even Wordsworth, North-countryman as he was, failed to catch the relation between the word and the sound, which must have been so often in his ears. In the first version (only) of the "Evening Walk" he wrote—

The *sough* of swallow flocks, that twittering sweep,

adding the foot-note: "*Sough* is a Scotch word, expressive, as Mr. Gilpin explains it, of the sound of the motion of a stick through the air or of the wind passing through the trees. See Burns's 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' Nothing here to betray any misconception. But in the "Descriptive Sketches," composed at the same time, we find him out—

Paint wail of eagle melting into blue  
Beneath the clifts and pine-woods' steady *sough*.

So Wordsworth rhymed, repeating, in substance, the former explanatory note. Again one demands how, if *sough* rhymes with *blue*, can it express any wind-music except that made when it whistles through a keyhole?

Does the abnormal development of the "cut-flower" trade mean that we are fonder of flowers for their *own sweet sake* than were our forbears? Or does it mean only that we have grown to be fond of flowers as the wearers of Regent Street bonnets are fond of birds, or even as Tom Tulliver was fond of animals? There is certainly a little room for doubting if this increased "love of flowers" is quite disinterested; for true love includes reverence, and there would seem to be more evidence of passion and fashion than of true love and reverence in much of our treatment of flowers. Coleridge, in his early youth, as a poet, took a vow "never to pluck a flower again." Here is the full entry (hitherto unprinted) in his diary, circa 1795: "Little Daisy—very late spring. March—Quid si vivat? Do all things in Faith. Never pluck a flower again! *Memo.*" No wonder he added a note of exclamation to the register of his vow! He probably did not keep it for very long, but went on plucking flowers for Sara Fricker (and even for a time after she became Sara Coleridge) as he had been accustomed to do for Mary Evans and her sisters. There is no harm and no irreverence in plucking flowers for such good purposes—if moderation be observed. To forbid the practice were a counsel of perfection—yet it was one observed by Walter Savage Landor, if the "Faesulan Idyll" is to be received as something more than beautiful poetry. But as an allusion to any verses of Landor conveys nothing to more than two or three gentle readers, it will be well to quote the lines referred to—

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
To let all flowers live freely . . .  
I never pluck the rose: the violet's head  
Hath shinn'd with my breath upon its bank  
And not requit me: the ever-sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsold, nor lost one drop of dew.

Admirers of Mr. Ruskin who may have felt somewhat tantalised by the knowledge that the new American edition of his works contained some very interesting critical introductions by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, will be glad to hear that these "Introductions" are to be collected and published in volume form by Mr. George Allen.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "How to Train the Race-Horse," by Lieutenant-Colonel Warburton. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Round the Compass in Australia," by Gilbert Parker. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "A Modern Ulysses," by Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "The Travelling Companions: a Story in Scenes," by F. Anstey. (Longmans.)
- "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens. (Macmillan.)
- "Poetical Works of J. C. Heywood." Second Revised Edition. Two vols. (Burns and Oates.)
- "Lancashire: Historical and Descriptive." By Leo H. Glindon. (Seeley and Co.)
- "The Voice from Sinai," by Archdeacon Farrar. (Isbister and Co.)
- "Lord William Bentinck," by Demetrius C. Boulger. *Rulers of India Series.* (Clarendon Press.)
- "The Claims of Decorative Art," by Walter Crane. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "New Chapters in Greek History," by Percy Gardner. (John Murray.)
- "Life and Letters of Charles Keene of *Punch*," by George Somes Layard. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "A Human Document," by W. H. Mallock. Three vols. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The Scapegoat," by Hall Caine. Revised Edition. (William Heinemann.)
- "A Modern Ulysses," by Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "Persia," by Milton George Curran, M.P. Two vols. (Longmans.)
- "Memorials of Old Chelsea," by Alfred Beaver. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Woodwork," by S. Barter. *Manual Instruction.* (Whittaker and Co.)
- "Leading Women of the Restoration," by Grace Johnstone. (Digby and Long.)
- "In Starry Realms," by Sir Robert S. Ball. (Isbister and Co.)



## ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXIX.

## Raby Castle.

A COUNTRY of low hills and little plains lies between the beautiful heights of West Durham and the flat land of north-east Yorkshire; and therein is a town so little that it has not even a railway-station—which is nowadays the crown of indignities—yet very old, and even famous in its time. This is Staindrop—*villa sacra*, or stony town—which was once capital of Staindropshire; which has still a great and ancient church, set in a churchyard beautiful with overhanging woods; and of which the little bridge—over the beck called by Leland Langley Beck—takes you at once to the square gateway of Raby Park.

Nearly a mile from this gate, on a rising ground a little apart from the trees and overlooking a pleasant water, is Raby Castle. Here, about seven centuries and a half ago, one Dolfin, a Saxon of high birth, built a manor-house, the home of his children for many generations: a house, no doubt, like most of its time, made chiefly of wood, and girt with a wooden palisade and a ditch. As the years went by, and as the descendants of Dolfin, intermarrying with a great Norman family, became rich and powerful, the home no doubt grew and was strengthened; but nothing of it remains to us of older date than some five centuries and a half ago, the time of Ralph de Neville, who won the battle of Neville's Cross.

Less than half a century later came the great building-time of Raby, when the castle as we see it rose around the

garden and through the arching trees, to the gateway with its turrets and portcullis. Within, your carriage passes under the grey towers which rise irregularly from the spacious platform, girded by an embasured wall; it reaches the massive gate-house, with towers turned curiously outwards, and rolls under the long archway, across the stone courtyard, beneath narrow windows in huge walls, twelve feet thick, and clear through the high doorway into the very hall itself. Then stops the carriage, while you get out—amid the lights, in the warm glow of comfortable fires—and as you pass up the wide staircase, it drives out through the other door, having crossed the cheery hall in passage, perhaps, from snow to snow. This is fairy-tale magnificence, more feudal than feudalism; but at least it is impressive, it is grandiose, there is imagination in it.

The standing authority on this splendid Raby has been, for a quarter of a century, the paper read within its walls by the Rev. J. F. Hodgson (then of Staindrop) to the British Archaeological Association: from which paper, full of knowledge and enthusiasm, we have been permitted to draw many facts, hardly to be found elsewhere.

The rare beauty and variety of Raby Castle, with its many towers, all strong and stately, and all unlike—there are nine in the central mass, of which no one repeats the other—its "sky-line, perhaps, unmatched in England," its perfect originality and entire avoidance of eccentricity, may be said to have two main causes. First, the builder was a man of genius as well as of immense knowledge: he built, no doubt, for beauty and stateliness, yet he built for strength too, and his towers and "curtains" and bastions have each an object. Thus the beauty gained by their varying angles is often caused by no desire for diversity, but by mere skill in fortification. And, in the second place, it seems more than probable that the plan of the present castle was in part determined by that of the older manor-house which John de Neville found upon this site—and in which, it must be remembered, he had to live while his castle was a-building. He could not (fortunately) build his ideal castle straight away: if he had, it would very likely have been as regular as the vast square mass of his building at Sheriff Hutton, which to this day stands straight up, "stark and gaunt against the sky."

Guided, then, in some measure by what had gone before—turned now to the left by a difficulty to be avoided, now to the right to utilise some bit of Dolfin's manor-house—John de Neville made his castle: according to what scheme Mr. Hodgson tells us in the simplest and fewest words. "Its plan," he says, "is, or was, as follows: first, the central nucleus, or dwelling-house proper, consisting of a closely compacted mass of towers connected by short curtains, and of which the block-plan forms a figure something between a right-angled triangle and a square; next, a spacious platform surrounding this central mass; after that (originally), a lofty, embattled wall of enceinte, about thirty feet high, of which a slight fragment only now remains intact, strengthened by a gate-house and barbican, as well as numerous small, square bastions rising from the splayed or sloping base; and then the moat—the latter always, probably, as at present, owing to the natural conformation of the ground, spreading itself out southwards into the dimensions of a small lake."

Nine towers rise from the central mass of these great buildings, which with the terrace round them cover a space of some two acres—all enclosed within a parapet and embasured wall; and at the foot of this, outside, is a deep fosse and some part of the ancient moat. No buttresses are needed to support these towers and curtains—their strength is sufficient to itself. It is noticeable that there is but one gateway in the outer wall; everywhere but at that north-western corner the enemy had thirty feet of sheer wall to get over—until the days of enemies were ended, and for brightness and the beauty of the view the high wall was pulled down and a low parapet only left.

Joan's Tower, named after Johanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt and the first Earl of Westmoreland's second wife; Bulmer's Tower, which bears the "h" of the Nevilles' Saxon forefather, Bertram Bulmer; the Chapel Tower, the beautiful tower known as "Mount Rascal," the Kitchen Tower, Clifford's Tower, the largest of all, the tall western tower, the two flanking turrets of the great Neville Gatehouse, the Hall Tower—these are some of the chief points that catch the eye as one walks round John de Neville's stronghold. Every side is different, but yet the whole place has its unity—it is always Raby, and Raby is always beautiful. All is, or was, proportioned; all harmonises, combines perfectly. This was indeed, "while yet untouched and undisfigured, the veritable handiwork of a master." Apart from the changing beauty of the clouded northern sky that is its background, from the water that mirrors it, and the broad grass-land and

woody hillside that ring it round, this grey mass, rising in a score of points, with its broken skyline of serrated battlement and four-square turret, dim in the early morning, dark against the setting sun, is ever splendid, for all its solidity, as the purple cloud-fortress of a dream.

The castle's main entrance looks westward towards a woody hill; it is through the noble Neville Gateway, whose two towers "flange" outwards from the arch with a curious and picturesque effect. Between these towers are three shields bearing the Neville arms. The passage through the gate-house into the courtyard is seventy-eight feet long, with a fine groined roof; it belongs to two quite distinct periods, that of the inner end being the older by a good deal. These portions are divided by the hollow, still quite clearly seen, in which the portcullis worked.

A high "curtain," made not of velvet but of stone, joins the gate-house to the tower, which ends both the western and southern fronts of the castle. This stands boldly forward, overlapping the gate-house; it has been called both "The Duke's" and "Joan's" Tower; and it consists—as Mr. Hodgson has fully proved—of two distinct buildings, of different heights and dates, laid together side by side. Both, however, were made by John de Neville; and it is very well worthy of note that the alterations, of which the newer (and more westerly) tower forms part, were the only works of the kind attempted during the first four centuries of the castle's



THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DE VERE VANE,  
BARON BARNARD.

Henry de Vere Vane was born May 10, 1851, son of Sir Henry Morgan Vane, Knight, who died in 1890; a lineal descendant of Gilbert Vane, second Baron Barnard from 1723 to 1783, whose wife was daughter of Morgan Rindall, Esq., of Chilworth. He was educated at Eton, and at Brasenose College, Oxford; married in 1881 Lady Catherine Sarah Cecil, daughter of the third Marquis of Exeter; is a barrister, and has been Lieutenant 3rd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment.

older dwelling-place. In 1379 a license to fortify his house was granted by Cardinal Langley to John de Neville, a great warrior, who had fought much abroad and taken by siege or storm no fewer than eighty-three walled towns, castles, or forts. "Q'il puisse de son manoir de Raby faire un chastel, et tous les tours meones et muirs dy cell batailler et kinneller"—so runs the license, and so indeed he did.

Yet his *chastel* is not a mere fortress. John de Neville understood the arts of offence and defence alike, and for sheer strength he would certainly have chosen higher ground than this little slope. Leland says of Raby that, though it is "the largest castel of Loggines in all the North Country, and is of a strong building," it is, nevertheless, "not set other on hill or very strong ground." The builder meant to be magnificent, and he succeeded amply: he was a Neville, who felt that the time was come for the homely manor-house of the rising family to grow with their fortunes. There was a day—there were more days than one shortly to come—when the Nevilles ruled all England.

Still less, however, than a fortress is Raby the show-house of later times—the eighteenth-century mansion that would be a palace, with which many dukes and great gentlemen have to be content. It is not even a Norman keep, round which more modern dwellings have grown up: this castle belongs to history by its building as well as by the traditions of the famous warriors who raised it and lived in it centuries ago. It is, as has well been said, "a perfect example of a fourteenth-century or Edwardian castle, complete in all its parts, and without any appearance of earlier work or later alterations whatever." No modern architects have dared to destroy such a building, to degrade it with brick or defile it with stucco. But, nevertheless, they have dared much.

Yet the most daring of them had his excuse. That Earl of Darlington who wantonly broke down towers and cut through the chapel, just a century ago, achieved an entrance to his house, which was worth much—if not worth all it cost.

For now, if you visit Raby, you drive across the bridge that spans the beck, and through the trees, and so across the rising and falling of the park, where the splendid deer race by: past the low-lying water beside the wall—the ancient moat—with towers looking down into it, up from it: so by the great walled



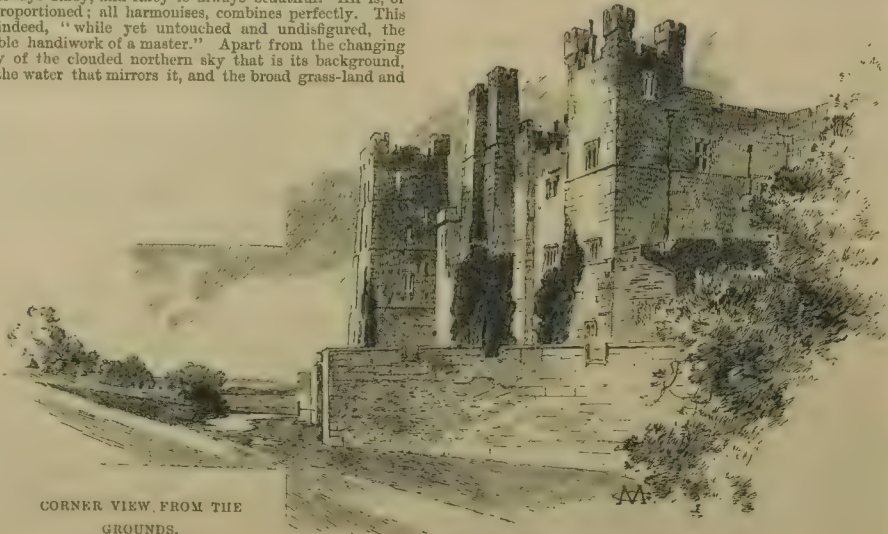
CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. FORESTER.  
CLAIMANT TO THE RABY ESTATES.

Greatest-grandson of first Duke of Cleveland, whose daughter, in 1813, married Major Forester. Born Sept. 7, 1860; only son of the late Henry William Forester, Esq., of Samarby, Leicestershire, by Eleonora Alexandrina, sister of Alexander, seventeenth Baron Sulland; was educated at Eton; entered the Army August 1882, was appointed to a lieutenancy in the 3rd King's Own Hussars, was promoted to the rank of captain, April 1885; retired from the service October 1890; is unmarried.

existence—and they were carried out by the original builder himself.

From Joan's Tower to Bulmer's extends the great south front, which would seem never to have been so heavily fortified as the rest—partly, perhaps, because of the protection given by the greater width of the moat at this end. Here, no doubt, the lord and his family have always had their dwelling-rooms; perhaps that is why this south front has been more altered and destroyed than any other. On this side, indeed, the warlike character of the building is almost wholly gone.

A curtain-wall connects Joan's Tower with the octagonal building which takes the place of another tower which stood here formerly, but which is now altogether destroyed; and this front has no tower more till we reach its eastern corner. Here a low wall and a little fosse of its own, within the general wall of enceinte, once protected the noble Bulmer's Tower; these have long disappeared, but the tower still stands. It is a great pentagon, whose shape enables it to flank the south and the north-eastern fronts of the castle, while yet presenting a broad face to the angle of their junction. It was not for nothing that John de Neville had overcome the secrets of



CORNER VIEW FROM THE  
GROUNDS.



three-and-eighty strongholds. This tower was probably at first intended to stand almost detached from the rest—a kind of keep. The fact that its shape is something like that of an ancient arrowhead has given rise to wild theories that it is of great antiquity, and was probably built by Canute; but there seems no doubt that, like the rest, this was John de Neville's work.

Next comes the east, or more nearly north-east, front; still, in spite of destruction and defacement, "a noble work, set thick with towers, and broken up by deep re-entering angles into immense masses." Here are seen Bulmer's Tower, the lofty Chapel Tower, the eastern entrance—by which carriages pass out from the hall—and the graceful height of Mount Rascal ("Raskelf," a Yorkshire lordship of the Nevilles). The barbican destroyed in making the carriage-way stood out from the lower part of the Chapel Tower; the great Hall of the Nevilles carried their arms above its outer arch, with the shields of John de Neville and Maude Percy, his wife.

Mount Rascal is at the angle of the two fronts, which one may roughly call the northern and eastern sides of the castle: to its northern face, and the almost equally high curtain which continues it, succeeds the square mass of the Kitchen Tower, below which is an entrance to the offices and kitchens. This Kitchen Tower juts out at right angles, and a curtain running obliquely connects it with the immense Clifford's Tower, the largest and strongest of all. This is planted, as Mr. Hodgson notes, with consummate skill—"in shape an oblong-square, canted at one corner; standing, like Bulmer's Tower at the opposite extremity, almost detached, and set diagonally to the north and west fronts; it not only completely flanks them both, but also, from its close proximity to

to the hall; even the newer building to the south, unworthy of its place though it be, is at least grey and of stone. Left of the archway are low steps, from whose top the ladies going riding mounted their horses, and, doubtless, mount them still.

Those iron bars in the window of the high hall-tower were meant—says the story—to prevent such gadding on the part of a daughter of the house, who wished (of course) to marry the man whom her father had not chosen for her. Tradition has prettily called this lady "The Rose of Raby"; and to prove the legend, her prison-room is still shown—massive, with vaulted roof and walls outrageously thick. Within the thickness of the wall is the window, with a broad ledge and then seats facing each other, after the fashion of a railway carriage, at right angles to the window.

From the courtyard to the hall, which was the original great hall of the place, before even John the Builder had begun his work—the hall through which a coach now passes from the darkness into light, from light to darkness. This is an immense and stately room, of its ancient length and breadth, but now much higher than of old. Wide, shallow steps cross it, from the coach's pathway in the midst, making of the end a kind of dais; from the northern end a broad staircase leads to the Baron's Hall, above.

It is a great room, the Baron's Hall, and holds much that is interesting. Along the west side are five high windows—"the most original and beautiful features in all the place," says Mr. Hodgson; "pairs of long lancets delicately cusped, with transoms, but without hood-moulds, and set close together." At the south end is a great window—modern, of course—with a lovely view of park and wood. Along the wall hang portraits of the family and others, here is that first

well ribbed vaulted roofs and great barrels of old ale, mild and delusive to the taste. One of these cellars is below the kitchen, and of the same size and shape; its vaulted roof is borne on one stout central pillar. In the wine-cellar the remains of what has the air of an enormous oven puzzle the simple souls of butler-folk. Pennant tells us straightforwardly that the oven was converted into a wine-cellar, "the sides being divided into ten parts, each holding a hoghead in bottles."

Hollowed out in the thickness of the walls of Raby are rooms, stairs, garderobes, and passages, underground and other; and every tower has its newel-stairs, by which one climbs to the roof to look upon a splendid prospect of park and woods and hills close by and far along the horizon. Across the lawns fleet the magnificent deer, of a very dark and stately kind. The park sacred to them is bounded by Lady Wood, two miles in length, and the North Wood. Just to the north-west of the house lie the great gardens, and beyond them the stables.

And so, having passed from cellar to roof, we must descend again—perhaps from Bulmer's Tower, that we may give a sigh to the chamber of its ground floor, magnificently vaulted, whose richly ribbed roof was destroyed early in the century to make way for the most commonplace of bed-rooms. Then once more we walk round the castle and out by the entrance-lodge in the surrounding wall. Here was an old drawbridge once, but it is gone; though the two towers that flank the gateway stand, a warrior-figure in his coat of mail a-top of each. In one tower—home of a stately warder—is a little arsenal of old arms, flint-lock guns and such other curiosities of war.

A word, now, of the history of the place and of its owners. The name of Raby is said to be Danish—from *ra*, a secluded,



RABY CASTLE: SIDE VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

the moat-house, could either lend it efficient help in case of assault, or render its position, if captured, at once untenable." It is indeed a sin that during the long history of Raby it should never have stood a siege of any importance, to test these defences, accumulated by the forethought of a man like John de Neville.

So to the west front, the first seen as we drive in through the outer gateway—and indeed a noble sight. The huge square of Clifford's Tower at the north, and the great double tower at the south, which we have called Joan's, completely flank the gatehouse and the intervening walls; though there is no doubt that, in its original state, the gatehouse did not come nearly so far forward. As it is, the tall and beautiful tower which rises in the middle of this front, between the gatehouse and Clifford's Tower, stands out very little from the wall, which once, doubtless, ran sharply back from it to the gateway.

So much for the walls of Raby, and their towers; but one must not fail to note the Hall Tower, rising from the courtyard. This has, perhaps, suffered less, within and without, than anything in the place: its doorways, stairs, garderobes, windows, and grilles are still almost perfect; the chambers of the ground and first floor retain their vaulted roofs, and the iron arming of the chief window, still existent, is shown as proof positive that it was here that the imprisoned Rose of Raby looked out upon the courtyard—as shall presently be told.

It is difficult to render an account of the exceeding beauty of this same courtyard, not very large, all of grey stone, surrounded by high buildings. Perhaps it is the sameness of the stones and the variety of the walls and towers into which they are built which give the place its charm. Grey stones are underfoot, the court is paved with them: grey stones in front, in the deep ancient archway, at the end of which, across a low wall, the sunset sky glows behind dark trees. Northward is a background of square towers, and in the court itself a tall grey tower, strong and beautiful, stands beside the entrance

Duke of Cleveland, who called Barbara Villiers mother, and Barbara herself, in dark yellow and pearls. Many of the books are here; and curious and interesting things of various kinds—Queen Elizabeth's looking-glass, much out of repair, relics of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Raby has cause enough to remember, and (among all manner of things more precious) an exceedingly bright and modern copper cooking arrangement found on Marston Moor, and no doubt the property of an officer there slain.

At Raby, as in so many others of the great old houses, hardly any room is so interesting, none is so perfect, as the kitchen. It is very large—say thirty feet square—perfectly white, rude, and immensely strong; it fills one vast square tower in two storeys. The windows are set high, more than halfway up the walls, and steps cut in the thickness of the wall lead up to each, while all round on the same level is a gallery concealed within the wall, which opens into each window, and is entered at one end by a flight of steps from the floor. The arched stone roof is crossed at right angles by two pairs of vaulting ribs, of huge strength, which meet in the middle: these carry the gigantic stone "louvre," ancestor of the modern chimney. Of this louvre the lower part is twelve feet square, and the upper an octagon fifteen feet in height: this stands out to its full height above the leads, a tower in itself. After all these centuries, the kitchen at Raby is the kitchen still, and has lost little except its ancient fireplaces. But for four beams of wood, black with age, which cross the corners of the ceiling high up, all is stone: and your stone will resist everything but the caprices of architects. Battery and pantry were of old in a large, four-sided space between the kitchen and the halls; and here a wide wooden staircase has been built, as a passage from the upper to the lower hall.

Cellars, like kitchens, fare well as the ages go; and time, that improves their wine, leaves its resting-place untouched. Quaint memories of German stories cannot fail to come to one, stepping down into these massive dungeons, with

lonely nook, and *by*, a village—and it is as a gift from the Danish Canute to the Church that the place first comes into our ken. At the Conquest, Raby still belonged to the Church, but soon afterwards it was grasped by the greedy hands of a Churchman. Ralph Flambard, promoted to the bishopric, seized on many lands for his own private use; among them, "the domain of St. Mary's"; but yielded them, and to the Church when he could enjoy them no longer. "In the hour of contention, upon the approaches of death," says a chronicler.

In 1131 the monks made over their property—with Staindrop and the rest of Staindropshire—to Dolfin, the son of Ughtred, who came of the old blood-royal of Northumbria, and who held power and splendour as the youthful rent of E1. Dolfin was in all probability the father of the first recorded earl of Raby, and a descendant of his, a century later, found the fortunes of the family by his marriage with Isabel, sister and heiress of Henry de Neville of Beaupre. Robert Fitz-Maldred, this descendant of Dolfin, was so well pleased with the vast estates bequeathed to him by his wife's father, on her betrothal's death, at the Norman Nevilles and of the Saxon Bulmers—that he allowed their children to take the mother's surname; and became, in fact, the ancestor of the house of Neville.

Robert de Neville, Robert Fitz-Maldred's grand-on, was governor of the castles of York, Norham, Wark, and Bamborough, warden of all the King's forests beyond Trent, and Sheriff of Yorkshire. He joined the rebellious barons against King Henry, but was restored to the royal favour. The "Lament on the Death of Robert de Neville" is said to be the very oldest rhyme of the North. Of Ranulph, Robert's grandson and heir, we are told that he "said little about secular affairs"; and it is certain that he spent a good deal of his time in quarrelling with the Church. There was one famous squabble about a stag, which he was bound to give the Bishop of Durham every year upon St. Cuthbert's Day—it was



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RABY CASTLE



In this service and the rest of it, already mentioned, that he had Raby and the eight other towers. The Duke tells us that, "contrary to the custom of his ancestors, he not only required that the Prior of Durham, at the offering of that stag, ought to feast him and all the company he should bring, but that the Prior's own menial servants should for that time be set aside, and his peculiar servants and officers put in their

twenty-one children, of whom the youngest, Cicely, was wife of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and mother of two of the three Yorkist Kings of England. It is this lady whom Fuller quotes as "the clearest instance of humane frail felicity." He makes a curious parallel of her joys and sorrows, thus—

## HER HAPPINESS.

She was youngest daughter and child to Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland (who had one son and twenty), and exceeded her sisters in honour, being married to Richard, Duke of York. She was blessed with three sons (who lived to have issue), each born in a several kingdom, Edward, at Bordeaux, in France; George, at Dublin, in Ireland; and Richard at Fotheringhay, in England. She beheld her eldest son, Edward, King of England, and enriched with a numerous posterity.

## HER MISERIES.

She saw her husband killed in battle; George, Duke of Clarence, her second son, cruelly murdered; Edward, her eldest son, cut off by his own interposition in the prime of his years; his two sons butchered by their uncle Richard, who himself, not long after, was slain at the battle of Bosworth. She saw her own reputation murdered publicly at St. Paul's Cross, by the procurement of her youngest son, Richard, taking his eldest brother for illegitimate.

This elaborate catalogue, however, by no means exhausts the dignities to which the house of Neville attained. It has been curiously reckoned that a Neville was Queen of England, and a Neville mother of two kings; two Nevilles were Archbishops of York, and two Lord High Chancellors; seven Nevilles were duchesses, nine Nevilles were Knights of the Garter, a Neville was Speaker of the House of Commons; to the house of Neville belonged six Earls of Westmoreland, two Earls of Salisbury—one of them also the Earl of Warwick—nineteen Barons and five Earls of Abergavenny, one Earl of Kent, two Marquises of Montacute (one of whom was also Duke of Bedford), five Barons Latimer, one Lord Furnival, and one Lord Fauconberg.

Of all of these, the most famous was, of course, Warwick the king-maker, son of Ralph de Neville's eldest son by his second wife, Joan Beaufort; but this ruler of England—

For who lived king but he could dig his grave,  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow!

does not come in the direct line of the owners of Raby; they were, for several generations, the Earls of Westmoreland. This was the period of the highest power of the house of Neville, whose climax Sir Bernard Burke places in 1469, exactly a century before its sudden and complete downfall.

For it was in 1569 that Charles, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, hurriedly and inadvisedly set on foot the "Rising of the North," at his castle of Brancepeth. Its real object was to set free Mary Queen of Scots, then a prisoner at Tutbury, and extort from Elizabeth an acknowledgment that she was next heir to the English throne. But on Clifford Moor, the insurgents, finding that they were not supported as they had hoped by any general rising of Catholics, gave up their design of freeing Mary Stuart, and hastened back, seven thousand strong, to Raby Castle.

This was the beginning of the end, which was no doubt hastened by the visible dependency of the Earl of Westmoreland, who had at length to flee to Scotland, where he found shelter at Fernhurst Castle; and after a while escaped to Flanders. There are few things more despicable, even in the pages of history, than the letters of the Earl's cousin, Robert Constable, who was hired by Sir Ralph Sadler to track his kinsman down, to win his confidence and to betray it; and who certainly did his best, in the matter of treachery and lies.

For the remaining thirty years of his life Charles Neville lived in the Low Countries; an exile, so poor that before the King of Spain granted him some miserable pittance he was described by Lord Seton as having "neither penny nor halfpenny." Raby was confiscated, and Brancepeth's estates "to the worth of 400,000 doulloons a year" were lost for ever to the Nevilles. Lord Westmoreland's wife—a Howard—endured great poverty; and of his four daughters one at least—the Lady Margaret—suffered also persecution and oppression. She "was but a child of five years old when her unfortunate father did enter into the rebellion," said Hutton, Bishop of Durham, pleading for her not for the first time. "And now she is a condemned person, having not one penny by year to live upon since the death of her mother."

So ended the possession by the Nevilles of Raby, which the Church promptly tried to get into her hands; but an act of attainder provided that "for that time" all the forfeited lands and goods should pass to the Queen and her successors. They were bought by Sir Henry Vane the elder, and it is of him that the castle's traditional joke is told—as every castle has a traditional joke faithfully preserved from generation to generation. Sir Henry, it is said, applied to James I., then ascending the English throne, for the royal permission to become owner of Raby, and politically represented the castle as a mere "hillock of stones." Some time after this King James visited Sir Henry's house, when surprise sent him to his broadest Scotch. "Gude troth, my lord," quoth he, "can ye that a hillock o' stanes? By my faith, I ha' na sic anither hillock in a' my realms!"

So is Henry Vane's memory kept green by the chroniclers of Raby; and at Raby he spent his old age and died, while, moreover it was through Raby that his loss of the royal favour came about. Much esteemed by James I., and Charles, his son, Sir Henry was principal Secretary of State for life to the latter king; but his official life proved much shorter than his natural, for he offended his royal master deeply by the part he took in the prosecution of Strafford. Now, people always maintained that Vane's first grievance against Strafford was that nobleman's high-handed assumption of the title of Baron Raby of Raby Castle—to which Sir Henry naturally thought no one but himself entitled.

But the Sir Henry Vane of history is, of course, Henry the younger: whom Milton praised in a sonnet, and of whom Charles II. said that he was "too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way"—and killed him accordingly. Among the historic Independents, Cromwell only stands before him; nor had any man of the age a record more pure. When he returned from America—where, a mere youth, he had been appointed Governor of Massachusetts—he

was made treasurer of the navy; and he is probably the only Government official who ever gave up to the nation £28,000 out of his annual receipts of £30,000, merely because he thought the pay too high. There is no need to praise a man whose history so tells its own tale; nor one to whom Milton has spoken such words as these—

To know  
Both spiritual power, and civil, what each means,  
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done;  
The bounds of either sword to these we owe;  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

It had been promised, at the Restoration, that Sir Henry Vane's life should be spared; but the princely word was broken, and the patriot died on Tower Hill—"like a prince," said a Cavalier who was there. He meant it for a compliment.

During the struggles of which the home-coming of Charles was in a sense the end, Raby Castle had not escaped scot-free, though it did not suffer greatly. In 1645 it was taken by the Cavaliers, by a sudden *coup de main*; and was accordingly besieged, and in due course retaken, by the Parliamentarians. The parish register of Staindrop tells us briefly of another siege, three years later, recording that "William Joplin, a souldier slain at the seidge of Raby Castle, was buried in the church, 27 Aug. 1648"; with the following "mem"—"Many souldiers slain before Raby Castle, which were buried in the Parke and not registered."

There is no need to go deeply into the genealogy of the ancient family of Vane, who have now held Raby Castle for two centuries and a half, and who are said to be able to trace an unbroken male descent from Howell ap Vane, a dweller in Monmouthshire before the Conquest. It is odd that with such a history the family should have had rather a fancy for changing its name—having, for the four generations which came before the Raby-buying Sir Henry, altered Vane to Fane, and in later days having veered from Vane to Powlett, from Powlett back to Vane, and from Vane once more to Powlett.

Four of the great Sir Henry's sons died young, the fifth left no children; and little more than a dozen years after the father's death only his sixth son, Sir Christopher, was left to represent the family. He at the end of the century was raised to the peerage as Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle (half a dozen miles from Raby). His wife was Elizabeth Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare; a handsome woman, if the portrait now hanging at Raby is to be believed—a Tartar, if we are to credit the story which gives her the chief share in the strange doings of the year 1714.

This legend tells us that Elizabeth and her husband were exceedingly angry with their elder son, Gilbert, because he had married a Miss Margaret Randvill, of Chilworth. History, by-the-way, records the facts that Miss Randvill was an heiress,



RABY CASTLE FROM THE TERRACE.

stead. Whereupon, among other of his guests, he invited John de Balliol, of Barnard Castle, who refused to go with him, alleging that he never knew the Nevilles to have such a privilege there; Sir William de Brompton (the Bishop's chief justice) likewise acknowledging that he himself was the first who began that extravagant practice, for, being a young man and delighting in hunting, he came with the Lord Neville at the offering of the stag, and said to his companions, "Come, let us go into the abbey and wind our horns," and so they did. The Prior further adding that before the time of this Ranulph, none of his predecessors ever made any such claim; but when they brought the stag into the hall they had only a breakfast: nor did the lord himself ever stay at dinner, except he was invited." The story goes that, on the Prior's refusal, Lord de Neville's men began to cuff the monks ministering at the altar, who lustily struck them back with the great wax candles.

Worse stories than this are told of Ranulph, but it is a little late in the day to rake up fourteenth-century scandals. Of his elder son, Robert, we need only say that he was called, for his pride and fiery, the Peacock of the North, and died in his father's lifetime. The next brother, Ralph, was a fighting man, and renewed the quarrel about that stag; but he fought to more purpose as a leader of the van of the English army at the battle of the Red Hill, known afterwards as the battle of Neville's Cross. He was the first layman buried in Durham Cathedral: paying, for this distinction, a vestment of red velvet richly embroidered with gold, silk, great pearls, and images of saints.

To Ralph, who had inherited from his father and grandfather much wealth, succeeded John, the famous warrior, the ruler of those four-score and three walled towns, castles, and forts, and, moreover, the builder of Raby Castle. He was so gallant a soldier that John of Gaunt retained him in his service for life; but his fame—except as a builder—was eclipsed by that of his son, Ralph de Neville, the great Earl of Westmoreland. This potent person received an erldom at the hands of Richard II., and another—that of Richmond—from Henry IV.



IN THE GROUNDS.

and that the marriage took place in 1704; which gives some time for the parental anger to cool. But this is how the story is told.

They must have nursed their wrath to keep it warm; for, years after, it burst into flame. Raby Castle was entailed upon Gilbert Vane: so what did his father and mother do by way of revenge but get together two hundred workmen, and pay them half-a-crown a-day a-piece to strip down the lead and iron of windows and doors, and generally to dismantle the place, doing damage to the amount of £3000. They held an auction, which lasted for five days, in which any quantity of old iron was sold at a penny a pound; and they cut down valuable trees, killed deer, and let the park to one John Hewitson to be ploughed up. "It is pleasant to be able to add that Gilbert applied to the Court of Chancery, which put a stop to these doings, and compelled the foolish old people to make good the damage they had caused."

Gilbert Vane came in due course to the title and estate, and was himself succeeded by his son Henry, who added to the family titles those of Viscount Barnard and Earl of Darlington. He married the daughter of the first Duke of Cleveland, son of Charles II. and Barbara Villiers.

Henry's grandson, the third Earl, was created Marquis, and, six years later, Duke of Cleveland. The dukedom was conferred on him in 1833 by the Reform Ministry; for William Henry Vane was a staunch Whig, and had done and sacrificed a good deal to secure the passing of the great Bill. It was said at the time that he had spent something like a quarter of a million in acquiring the command of six seats in the House of Commons, that he might convert them from pocket-boroughs into independent constituencies, which might be trusted to vote for the Bill. The Duke was succeeded by his three sons, Henry, William, and Harry George, in turn second, third, and fourth Dukes of Cleveland; and on the recent death of the last of these three the title again became extinct. At this moment, as all the world knows, the Raby property is the subject of a famous lawsuit.

And so, after some three centuries of Nevilles, close upon three centuries of Vanos have lived their lives at Raby, and the old castle looks little older than when—in a survey taken just after the fall of the Nevilles—it was called "the most ancient house of the Earle of Westmoreland, seytunt in the South part of the Busshoperyk." And this shows the unwisdom of prophecy: for the surveyor not only described the house as it stood, but foretold its fate. Here are his words, as they to this day testify against him: "The Castell of Raby ys a marvelous huge house of buylding wherein are three wards, and buyldid all of stone and covered with leade, and yet there is no order or proportion in the buylding thereof, and standyth in a playne countre. *Neither the situation of the place or the Castell itself of any strength, but lyke a monestrous old Abby, and will soon decay yf it be not continually repaired, it stands so open and playne, and subject to all wynd and weether.*" Alas! for the prophets who prophecy when they do not know!

EDWARD ROSE.



THE BARRICAN.

The latter title, however, he does not seem to have used; content, perhaps, to be Knight of the Garter, Warden of the West Marches, and Earl Marshal of England. As Shakespeare shows us, he loyally stood by his second King—whom he had joined on his landing at Ravenspur—and helped materially in putting down the insurrection of Northumbria. He had







## THE PAINTERS' PARASITE.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

The phenomenal popularity of the illustrated books and supplements of the Royal Academy, which find so ready a sale as each May comes round, has set the painter's Muse agog. She is, in sooth, a heavy-tongued, saucy chit, who girds as she struts, and trolls her doggerel out in the sprightly columns of the *Globe*. But the burden of her song is unmistakable. Her theme is the astuteness of the "art editor," who, awakening in the springtime, like the daisy, from his winter's "torpid sleep," fixes himself like a parasite upon the unwilling artist; and from this simple painter he extorts a photograph of his picture which he may reproduce for nothing, and so batten upon his victim's brains. By an explicable coincidence, an article appeared in a recent issue of the *Daily Chronicle* even more strangely misrepresenting the facts, and displaying a singular lack of knowledge of the conditions and circumstances which attend and surround the preparation of "Academy numbers." Now, as I am not altogether irresponsible for a portion, at least, of the annual flood of academic illustration with which the public consents to be deluged (though personally I have little interest in the matter), and as this insatiable appetite is one of the marvels of the day, it is, perhaps, not improper that I should seek to set down the truth, lest the parblind should find credence and the misleaders prevail.

Combining these charges of the artist and the journalist, we find the Mephistophelian publisher is accused of bamboozling the Artist-Simon, not only tricking from him his consent to allow his picture to be reproduced for nothing, to his great loss and detriment, compelling him to agree to the damage of his copyright, but of actually making him pay for the photograph that must be taken for the purposes of reproduction. The artists are then called upon to combine and stand out for a share of the profits in the form of a substantial royalty, while a firm of publishers—any firm—is implored to establish a monopoly in their own interests by offering such a royalty. A fortune beyond the dreams of avarices is promised to such honesty and enterprise (unmindful of how dangerous a thing to individual artists would be such a powerful monopoly), and the additional inducement is held out—*ahist unen!*—that the artists would come down to the office and see to the printing themselves!

Let us see what is really the course at present pursued, and how far the balance of advantages rests with the publisher. At the beginning of March a circular is sent round from every editor of such book or illustrated paper to each artist whose work it is desired to include, asking that an enclosed form may be filled up, which, signed by the artist, gives the name of his work, permission to reproduce it, and appointing a date when the photographer may take a negative of it, at the expense of the applicants. Each of these presents the artist with a print. The application further points out that the artists' copyright (by *So-and-so* Vic, cap. *So-and-so*) is in no way affected by the permission; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the consent is given. Nay, more; many of those artists who may have been forgotten or omitted "for want of space" or other cause, courteously send permission or even the photograph unasked. Why is this? Is it merely courtesy that prompts acquiescence and inspires co-operation?

Now, the demand that artists should share in the profits beyond the indirect benefits they otherwise enjoy, is, theoretically, a perfectly fair one. But, practically, it is hardly worth pressing; for, although the writer in the *Daily Chronicle* under-estimates the total number of complete publications by nearly 100,000, and of separate parts by about half a million, he greatly over-estimates their realising value; so that if any rate of payment worth receiving be exacted by the artists, nearly all the supplements and other publications would incontinently be dropped. Their preparation entails an enormous amount of pains and a heavy expenditure, which leaves so small a margin of profit that, save for their value as advertisements to the publications with which they are connected, there is comparatively little advantage in them to the publishers. Being maintained, for the most part, chiefly by reason of competition, they would almost certainly be discontinued, and that with but scant regret, were a demand for payment to be made; for such a payment would render impossible, and unnecessary, the continuance of the race for advertisement.

An amusing and tell-tale circumstance in connection with this natural desire to participate in profits is the fact that two Royal Academicians are the mainsprings of this agitation. For it may be within the recollection of the reader that a few years ago the Royal Academy tried itself to publish such an illustrated catalogue. But although they charged the remunerative price of a guinea a copy, although they obtained their "permissions" for nothing, and had at their back not only their artistic knowledge but the whole weight of their prestige with both artist and public, the result of their venture was a loss of between one and two thousand pounds! And yet one or two of these are the men who would handicap outside enterprise, which, in spite of all difficulties and without the enormous advantages they enjoyed, has managed to succeed where they so egregiously failed! Nevertheless, alive to the fairness of "sharing profits," one firm, having ascertained by calculation what they could afford to offer, consulted several artists of high repute and common-sense, and in every case received the reply that the *pro rata* sum had much better be presented to an art charity, and the result has been a substantial contribution to the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

We are told that artists scoff at the idea that they receive a valuable *quid pro quo* from the publications in question—that the Royal Academy exhibition is harmed by their issue, and that the value of the copyright is detracted from. Not one of these assertions or contentions will hold water. As a matter of fact, it is by these publications that artists' names are now household words and their works esteemed in places where before they were unknown, that younger men are now rendered famous, to the furthestmost corners of the globe, and that within

a fraction of the time that it once took them to obtain a hearing in London: and reputation, be it remembered, is of necessity as the breath of life in the nostrils of the artist. In truth, the illustrated catalogue, with all its hundreds of thousands of copies, sustains the reputation of the artist who is in the heyday of his fame; it revives the memory of him who is effete and *démodé*; and it exalts with unrivalled power and efficacy the horn of the young artist. Regarded with a generous gratitude by the rising generation, and with cordiality by those who have conquered the heights of the academic Olympus, it is attacked only by a small handful of persons—misinformed, short-sighted, mercenary, or cranky—who do not see how it advertises the Academy, and so popularises art, how (as in several cases I could mention) it brings about purchases, and makes known the enterprise of the print-dealer. All this is very sordid, is it not? But it must not be forgotten that it is from the sordid side that the attack has been made.

One more point. The author of the blundering onslaught places before his readers the plea—the falsity of which must be apparent to any child—that an artist who allows a small reproduction to be made of his picture is in the same position as the author who allows his novel to be printed for nothing; being actually unaware that the value of a book is not in the manuscript, but in the fact of its publication. How can this be held to apply to a picture, of which the painting itself remains, while even the value of its copyright for a print is untouched and unaffected? If a small reproduction harms it, why do the chief publishers, when about to issue a print, circulate a small photogravure of it widely as possible, in order to catch orders for the larger one? To settle this matter, listen to the opinion of the Royal Academy spoken by its own mouth. "... It might safely be said that the copying of a picture, by engraving or otherwise, or the translation of its design into other and different materials, would affect its value only beneficially, because of the wider fame that would attach to it as the original work."

The "Parasite," forsooth! As well might politicians attack the daily press for reporting their speeches—as well might Chancellors of the Exchequer denounce the Stock Exchanges of the world. The publisher doubtless does not lose, although he risks much; he may make his expenses and something more—a narrow profit cut down by competition, which is usually not worth sharing among his many scores of contributors. But his office is as dignified as a publisher's need be, his influence is as healthful, and his service as real and undoubted. You may easily wipe him away, Sir Artist; you will find him indifferent. But reflect—who, do you think, will be the real sufferers?

## ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

The meetings of the Scotch General Assemblies, just held in Edinburgh, have excited as much interest as ever. In the Assembly of the Church of Scotland the question of Disestablishment naturally attracted most attention, and the debate was one of great and sustained interest. The purpose of the Church was decisively declared. It is to offer their share of the endowments to the other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, provided they accept the State connection, and, if that offer is refused, to fight the battle with all the resources at command. One very peculiar feature in the plan of campaign may be mentioned. In Scotland Gladstonism is supreme, and the Gladstonian members, with a single exception, are pledged to Disestablishment. It is proposed to bring forward Church Gladstonian candidates, i.e., gentlemen who, while going along with Mr. Gladstone on all other points, demand a distinct reference to the people before Disestablishment takes place. It is hoped that Conservatives and Unionists who are enthusiastic Churchmen will support these candidates; but there is some difference of opinion on this subject. The Church has the strong support of the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*, the leading newspapers in Scotland.

In the Free Church Assembly the most attractive subject was foreign missions, in which there has been a great revival of interest. A very large number of students have offered themselves for service abroad—larger than present resources can support; but one member of the Church has given £2000 additional subscription, and others are following suit.

Professor Henry Drummond made one of his very rare public appearances in London on the occasion of the Boys' Brigade meeting in Exeter Hall, which was very large and enthusiastic. The Professor is not "orthodox" enough for the authorities of the Young Men's Christian Association, who persistently boycott him. It is fair to say that these are by no means "young" men. The Professor is to lecture next year at the Royal Institution.

The movement for the opening of museums on Sunday has now received the significant support of the *Guardian*, which seems to have been converted by the arguments of the Bishop of Rochester. There is now, says the *Guardian*, a change in our social life, "which makes the closing of museums invidious and unwise." This change is partly one among the higher classes, many of whom make the day one of entire amusement; partly in the lower classes, who are now strong enough to insist upon Sunday as a day of rest from ordinary labour. As long as the leaders of the working classes were unable to limit their own work they were opposed to the opening of museums on Sunday; now that they know their power it is considered that their objections will disappear.

An enterprising Australian has hit on a simple plan for earning a good income. He has set up in Melbourne a body which he calls the Free Church of England. As the head of this denomination, he has obtained from the Victorian Government power to issue marriage licenses and perform marriages. By dint of flourishing the words "Church of England," taking low fees, and asking no questions, he contrived to attract no fewer than 1020 couples in a year, more than the whole number who went to clergy of the Church of England. Public attention has now been fixed upon him, and it is not impossible that his business may diminish, or even cease.

Mr. J. A. Rentoul, M.P., LL.D., one of the Irish members, once a Presbyterian minister in Ulster, but now a barrister, says that in the East-End Nonconformity is a failure. "He had been a Nonconformist minister in the East-End for ten years. He has preached twice each Sunday, and conducted a congregation in the East-End for ten years, and therefore they would not find any man to go on that platform who was so good an authority on East-End Nonconformity as he."

The annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, held the first time for twenty-five years, was deservedly a great success. The society exhibits steady, solid progress.

## "NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The study of London street children is my delight. I am compelled every day of my life to pass through a colony of the dirtiest of them in the alleys and slums around Clare Market and Drury Lane, and by this time they know me well, and only by accident assault a summer bat with tipcats and shuttlecocks. My Clare Market children, as I call them, have got a new game this year, which is, in fact, a mute and pathetic appeal to their generous friends. They pick up every bit of green, every fallen blossom outside the Flower Market, every torn branch of may-bloom, and with these "bits of country," as they call them, they make miniature gardens up in the corners of the hot, untidy pavements. This is all their summertime: these make-believe paradises of greenery are all that my poor little London children will ever see this year, unless you all help one or other of the excellent fresh air and holiday funds that are in existence. I wish you could see, as I do every morning, these little children sitting under the overhanging boughs of the glorious trees in Lincoln's Inn Fields, peeping through the iron bars at this glorious green garden, playing with old rose-leaves and rejected flower-stalks, and in a dumb, innocent sort of fashion worshipping nature in their little hearts. The most pathetic thing in this world—it gives one a lump in the throat to think of it—is to see a London child let loose in a field of buttercups. We shall all be going racing and pleasuring presently. We shall meet at Ascot and Goodwood and Lord's and Henley. There will be, as usual, a prodigious waste in eating and drinking and dressing and wagering, but I want to put it plainly, on the evidence of my friends, Mr. Pearson, of the Temple Chambers, and Mr. John Kirk, the excellent organiser of the Ragged School Union, and tell you the wonderful fact that for a cheque for £8 2s. any charitable person can take two hundred children into the country and feed them well into the bargain. Think of that! Two hundred thankful voices, two hundred happy hearts, two hundred London caged birds let loose in God's country for a few hours! There is no excuse for saying that the charitable do not know what fund to subscribe to. There are scores of funds, and all admirable. The editor of *Truth* has a fund, Lady Jeune has a fund, Mr. Pearson, of Temple Chambers, and Mr. John Kirk, of Exeter Hall, have a splendid fund; a charitable lady, whose almoner I have been for many years, has a "Buttercup and Daisy Fund," and if anyone likes to trust me I will undertake to see that any dole goes in the right direction. Take my word for it, every cheque sent to these holiday funds will bring good luck to the donor, for it will be endorsed with the thankful prayer from the happy heart of a little child.

Racing stories, or rather stories of the race-course, are appropriate just now. I will tell you one that has this merit at least—perfect truth. Many years ago a dear old Wiltshire uncle of mine came up to London to take me to the Derby. He had two objects in view: to give his young nephew a day's pleasure and to back a horse called Caracatus. The horse in question was a rank outsider. It belonged, I think, to a London publican called Snewing. But my uncle had seen the horse run and win at Bath Races, and he was determined to back him for himself and for me. As we went down to Epsom in the train I recall how some gentlemen chaffed my old uncle for his determined belief in "the beast," as they called him. The course and enclosures were crowded as usual, and I, being a small boy, was deposited in a corner, with strict injunctions not to stir while my relative hurried off on his mission to back Caracatus twice over. The time advanced, and my uncle never returned. The bell rang, the course was cleared. From my corner I saw the preliminary canter, and spotted "our" favourite. Away they went into the distance. "They're off!" Again rang the bell. Shall I ever forget the wild shouts? "By—, Caracatus! Caracatus!" It sounded like the cracking of a thousand whips. Up went the numbers. Caracatus had won! A thousand projects danced before my brain. At last I saw my uncle returning, cast down, and with a dejected visage. The more elated I looked the more depressed he became. "My poor boy," he said, as he patted me on the shoulder, "I looked about everywhere to find a safe man with whom I could entrust my money, and before I could find him the race was over. I never backed Caracatus at all!" As if to add insult to injury, we returned home after a miserable day, and happened to get into the railway carriage with the same companions of the morning. They shouted out their congratulations. "Well, you've had a good day; I wish we had taken your tip, and backed 'that beast' Caracatus!" "Don't, don't!" said my relative in piteous accents; "I never backed the beast at all!" As for myself, I do not think I have ever taken an acute interest in horse-racing from that luckless hour.

Year by year, as London grows and grows, it becomes more and more difficult to get "far from the madding crowd." Take the river, for instance. You are never really safe to get pence on the Thames unless you start upwards, say, from Pangbourne. I assure you that about the year 1860 you scarcely ever saw a pleasure party above Boulter's Lock. The officers of the Guards used to punt up at their leisure from Windsor to "Skindles"; but we had their river all to ourselves from Maidenhead to Henley, whose regatta at that time was a local and University gathering, that never attracted a soul from London. The only houseboat on the river was the old City of London Corporation barge, the *Maria Wood*, and it was considered a feat to row from Oxford to London. But now that Stocco Land stretches farther than Richmond Park, and Kew is no longer a hamlet, it strikes me that two easily accessible districts are very much neglected. I allude to Epping Forest and what I call Charles Dickens Land, round about Cobham Park and Gravesend. In ten minutes from Chingford, in the forest, you can be lost in delightful woodland ways and greenery, among dog violets and bluebells and wood anemones, and apparently separated for ever from the incessant tinging, tinging of the bicycle bell, that has become such a discord to the sensitive ear. But the walk I would specially recommend is to turn off from the main road by the side of Charles Dickens's house at Gadshill, to follow the current, gooseberry, and strawberry fields to the fringe at Cobham Wood. Then take the path, walk across the park over velvet moss, past herds of deer, and you will hear two or three cuckoos answering one another, and I will guarantee you will not meet a living soul, although the fare from London to Gravesend and back is only 2s. 6d. first class. And then there is a blue-bell wood within a hundred yards of Cobham village, which just now is the most beautiful sight in the world—a picture for an impressionist. But I shall not tell you anything about that wood, for I have kept it all to myself for many a year. You may wait for me at the Leather Bottle, where Mr. Pickwick discovered the heart-broken Tripman, or you may wander in the "college cloister" at the back of the churchyard. But I shall be knee-deep in blue hyacinths, and shall not come even if you call until I have meditated, like Jaques, on the hidden glories of this most beautiful world.



## SOME NOTES ON MAURITIUS.

Although Mauritius has been a British colony since we captured it from the French in 1810, so little has it been colonised by its possessors that it is still best known to them as the "Île de France" of the Dodo and of Paul and Virginia. Few probably recognise the beautiful island in the "Île des Palmistes" of the novels of Mr. Walter Besant, who knew it well in the Sixties. When the news of the terrible hurricane which devastated the colony on April 29 arrived, many readers of the telegrams must have been unaware of their responsibilities, and first learnt them when asked to subscribe to the Lord Mayor's Mauritius Relief Fund, opened promptly at the suggestion of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is to be hoped they will subscribe liberally and at once, for the needs of the colonists must be great and pressing. Cyclones have visited the island before, but none so disastrous as this, and with an upper class consisting entirely of planters, most of whom must either be half-ruined or seriously crippled, the poorer inhabitants will be largely dependent on outside assistance. It is the unprecedented lateness of the season at which it has come which makes this cyclone the greatest misfortune the island has ever known. Almost the sole product of the island is sugar, and the canes, which are full-grown in July, are so far advanced by the end of April that the Governor's estimate of the damage at one half the crop is probably all too low. Hitherto, the cyclones have come mostly in January or February, when the canes are so short that they can bow to the storm and recover themselves when it is over. There has been no hurricane at Mauritius for ten years, and no serious one since 1868. That took place in March, and the estimated crop of 120,000 tons of sugar was reduced to something under 80,000 tons—a gale of fifteen hours thus sufficing to blow away three-quarters of a million pounds sterling worth of sugar alone, and probably another half-million pounds in other property. The force of these cyclones is prodigious. In 1868 an iron girder bridge on the Government railway, weighing between two and three hundred tons, was carried bodily away by the wind, and iron roofs were flying all about the country. Then, hitherto the barometer has given a day's or half a day's notice of the bad weather approaching; this year the glass seems to have fallen between two and three inches in an hour, and there can have been no time to get things made "taut." And the enormous loss of life is something quite new. Some lives have always been sacrificed in a hurricane, but never a number approaching the official estimate of nine hundred which comes in the Governor's despatch. The Mauritius planters are mostly of French origin, descendants

largely of the *noblesse* and *petite noblesse* who fled from the storms of the Revolution. The workers on their plantations are entirely imported coolies, recruited from all parts of India. They arrive under five-years engagements, but, being well paid and well treated, they mostly re-engage, and a large proportion settle permanently in the island, chiefly as small cultivators and as hawkers.

Although Mauritius is only about double the size of the Isle of Man (which has a population of 55,000), it supports 378,000 inhabitants, of whom quite 70 per cent. hail from India. Those of European blood—planters (mostly French), the higher officials, and merchants (mostly English)—count,

There is not so much romance in Mauritius now as in the days of Paul and Virginia, but there is at least ten times as much sugar, and that of a very different quality. Then it was all of the delicious dark wet stuff which the children of this generation have never enjoyed; now it comes from the mills in brilliant white crystals and goes directly into consumption, chiefly in India and in the Australian Colonies. Where there is sugar there is rum, and the quality of the rum is in inverse ratio to that of the sugar. The Mauritius spirit goes mainly to poison the arcadian islanders of Madagascar, who send in exchange oxen, which the Mauritians use largely both for food and for draught. All the books about Mauritius persist in

numbering coffee among its exports, though coffee has for the better part of a century been an import; but there are one or two smaller industries which are growing with every year—hemp, made from the fibre of the aloë, which grows in districts too dry for the cane, and the fragrant vanilla. Although every kind of tropical and semi-tropical fruit and vegetable, as well as all European table vegetables, grow luxuriantly, most of the food is imported. Rice, of course, is the staple, for every inhabitant, of whatever class, eats rice and curry twice a day. If the beef and mutton and poultry are not quite up to the English standard, the cooking is infinitely superior, and nowhere is there a better notion of what constitutes good living.

The climate, except in some low-lying parts on the sea-board, is excellent and salubrious. If it be a little too hot in the months which we call winter, no weather could be more perfect than that which prevails from May to October inclusive. The middle and upper classes all live in the higher parts of the island, which are reached by railways with wonderful gradients, even up to 1800 ft. above sea-level, and society is a pleasant mixture of the "county" and the suburban. In the cool season there is a whirl of picnic and dance and

cricket, as officers of her Majesty's ships on the East Indian station can testify. The island has lost none of the beauty described by Bernardin de St. Pierre a century ago. Some forests have been cut down, but others as full of deer have grown up, and more are being planted under recent legislation to woo back the ruins; the volcanic mountains show the same fantastic ridges and peaks, and the valleys and tablelands are green with the sugar-cane all the year round. The same ravines are hung with the same lovely ferns and creepers, and the same mountain torrents which run from all points to the sea are broken into the same beautiful waterfalls which delighted the eye of the unexaggerating St. Pierre. The few illustrations given here describe themselves. The charm of light and colour which glorify the originals is untranslatable into black and white.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.



HOUSE WITH HURRICANE SHUTTERS.

probably, for less than 10 per cent.; while the remaining population is very mixed indeed. There are still a considerable but dwindling number of descendants of the African slaves, who are chiefly carpenters and masons. They will not work, in the fields, having traditions of the "temps margsosse"—the bitter days which ended in 1837. The whole retail trade of the island is in the hands of a race half-Chinese, half-Malay, which comes from Singapore. Their little shops cover the island, and supply everything eatable and drinkable, from rice and rum to sardines and Harvey's sauce. They marry largely among the mulatto population, and become professing Roman Catholics. Mauritius is thus doing its full share in the work of miscegenation, and is rapidly becoming the home of a race curiously compounded of white, black, brown, and yellow.



GROVE OF PALM-TREES IN PAMPLEMOUSSES.



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## SOME DISTINGUISHED DUKES OF YORK.



EDWARD IV.

The announcement, on the Queen's birthday, that her Majesty has been pleased to confer a peerage, by the name, style, and title of Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney—on his Royal Highness Prince George of Wales, must be gratifying to all the Queen's subjects.

Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, the youngest son of King Edward III., was created the first Duke of York, by King Richard II., his nephew, in 1385; the second Duke was killed at Agincourt in 1415; the third Duke, Richard, who was also, through his mother, descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., claimed the throne during the insanity of King Henry VI., grandson of John, Duke of Lancaster, Edward III.'s fourth son; he then commenced the civil wars, and was slain at Wakefield in 1460. His son Edward, fourth Duke of York, after ten years more of conflict, secured his reign as King Edward IV. The title of Duke of York was conferred by this King, in 1474, on his younger son, one of the two boy-princes murdered in the Tower of London in 1483, under the usurpation of their uncle, Richard III.

After the overthrow of the last Yorkist King at Bosworth, and when Elizabeth of York had been five years Queen Consort of Henry VII., the dormant title of Duke of York was revived, in 1491, for her second son, Henry, who did not become Prince of Wales and heir to the Crown until 1503. From the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., a hundred years, this title remained dormant. In 1604, it was bestowed on Prince Charles, whose elder brother, Henry, Prince of Wales, lived till 1612. The example of giving it to the King's second son was followed by Charles I., in 1643, when James Stuart became Duke of York, and James bore the same title until he came to the throne in 1685.

Under the Hanoverian reigns, the Dukes of "York and Albany" were the German Prince Ernest Augustus, a younger brother of George I.; Edward Augustus, a younger son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brother of George III.; and Frederick, the second son of George III.; the last of these Dukes of York, from 1784 to 1827, left no heir to the title.



HENRY VIII.



CHARLES I.



JAMES II.



PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS, BROTHER OF GEORGE I.



PRINCE EDWARD AUGUSTUS, BROTHER OF GEORGE III.



PRINCE FREDERICK, SON OF GEORGE III.



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G.



THE LADIES' COLUMN

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER

Mrs. W. H. Clarke, of Aston-Bampton, Oxon., sends me an interesting report of a school which she has managed for three years past, for the training of village girls to be domestic servants. The girls are taken at thirteen years of age, and give for two years in the house, not in the orthodox "gentleman's" fashion, but just as though they were at service, except for the fact that part of their time is devoted to school lessons and needlework, and that when they are about domestic duties they are watched and trained and taught instead of being expected to know what to do and how to behave by as simple a natural instinct as the bees build their cells. "The girls," says Mrs. Clarke, "learn to scrub, sweep and dust a room, to make beds, and polish furniture, to lay a fire and clean a grate, to wash crockery and glass, to clean plate, lay a cloth for dinner, to cook their own dinner and prepare vegetables, to wash, starch, and iron clothes, to knit and darn stockings. Health is their fortune; physical training must not be neglected. We all like intelligent servants, therefore lessons and while doing their work the girls are taught to think and observe, so that, as far as possible, the development of their intellectual powers as well as the training of their moral nature is not lost sight of." They are, be it understood, thoroughly respectable girls, receiving technical education for remunerative work. This is what we have much wanted in our industrial organisation. In Germany and France there are many technical schools for household duties; in England some of the same sort. It is, therefore, much to be hoped that Mrs. Clarke will thoroughly succeed, and establish her school on a permanent footing. A certain preference is shown to orphan girls, who can be received if any friend will be responsible for the payment of the school-fee per week for board and training. The number of girls whom this only now takes is as a drop in the ocean; but, if she show us that her work can succeed, others will follow where she has led. Among her patrons are the Lord Bishop of Reading, the Dean of Exeter, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady Lucy Hicks-Dench.



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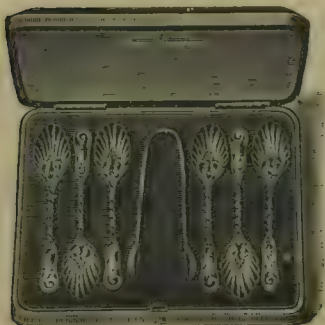
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## THE SALON IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

The homogeneous character of the New Salon in the Champ de Mars is a trait which will distinguish it from the average exhibition, and ought to render it the more attractive to visitors. But, without doubt, this very characteristic will be considered as a blemish by those people who only expect to derive the same pleasure from a picture exhibition which they would from an illustrated story-book. Surely one is better able to estimate and appreciate a collection of pictures which shows a general unity of purpose and affords many opportunities of comparison than one composed of works of every conceivable class, painted with entirely different aims and from different points of view.

There are practical objections to the chief exhibition of the year devoting itself to one style of picture to the exclusion of the others, but the Salon of the Champs Elysées has provided for the exhibition of other schools, and that one which is in such strong force in the Champ de Mars is certainly exercising a preponderating influence on French art.

The literary picture is conspicuous by its absence; beauty and at the same time truth of expression, of tone, of colour, and arrangement are what are chiefly sought for. The influence of the modern theories of "impressionism" is strongly evinced in much of the work, although the more extreme adherents to its principles are not represented. Many artists have been able to adopt the good ideas embodied in the new doctrines without being completely carried away by the propaganda of Degas and Monet. In the second room of the exhibition, at the farther end, hangs the large decoration by the President, M. Puvion de Lavallée, called "Winter." It is in some sort a companion to the "Summer" of last year, but it surpasses it in charm and dignity; it is, in fact, the most impressive design in any of the galleries. At the other end of the same room hang two large canvases by Alexander Harrison. "After a Storm on the Pacific Coast" is a study of breakers on a level shore. There is a great deal to be said in praise of this picture, but one thing is noticed almost at the first glance, and that is the monotonous fan-shapes that some of the waves take, as if they had been painted in without having been carefully enough studied beforehand. Nevertheless, the movement of the whole is very real, and the colour is delightful. The second, called "The Bathers," is charming in light and colour, and would be complete were it not for some of the figures. These are weak in construction and execution, and of an inferior type, and so tend to debase what should be a very fine picture. Both works lose by the not unusual fault of being painted too large. "The Dream of Dante," by La Touche, is a remarkable design, and, moreover, a fresh departure from what the artist has of late years exhibited. The conception, or rather realisation, of the subject which he has given us is intensely vivid and powerful, and yet it is not marred or vulgarised by a superfluity of repulsive details. The sentiment of horror is expressed not by gruesome accessories but by a powerful rendering of the movement and expression of the figures. The painter has chosen the description of the Seventh Circle of Hell, where Dante stands at the border of the living wood and sees the souls in torment in the fire. It is very strong in colour, but never garish. The same artist has four or five other good canvases more in his usual vein. "Le Goutier" is a charming open-air effect of white draperies in shadow, very pleasant in colour and tone. The "Moonrise over the Sea" is an excellent study in a different scheme of colour.

Muenier, whose pictures hang on the same wall as those of La Touche, has eight canvases of different sizes. The "Soir de Provence," a woman in a simple white gown reclining on a bank, the whole picture luminous with a warm evening light, is the finest in sentiment. "L'Abreuvier" is wonderfully true, and carefully studied; in fact, all Muenier's work is noticeable for the fine and delicate technique, which always retains great breadth with high finish.

Friant, whose style in some ways resembles that of Muenier, though more virile, and with a trifle less of that delicate refinement which is so great a charm in the latter's paintings, is represented by five small pictures, one of which is a portrait. "Le Bon Chien" is an amusing little painting, very real in character and searching in draughtsmanship.

The principal of Dagnan-Bouveret's contributions this year is a portrait of a lady. It is small, the head being considerably under life-size, but it is, in its way, very near perfection. The refinement of drawing and the delicacy of expression have no element of weakness, and the draperies are arranged and treated with admirable skill. Another *étude de jeune fille*, in blue, is almost equally captivating. There is also a fine portrait of M. Coquelin cadet, by the same painter.

Carolus Duran has a large number of fashionable portraits; the "Trio d'Amis," three men's heads painted on one canvas, is the most interesting. M. Aman Jean, who exhibits for the first time in the New Salon, has some very attractive pictures. Decorative quality and a sombre richness of colour, giving rather a resemblance to tapestry in effect, are the peculiarities of his work. His portrait of Madame Henri Martin and his two imaginative heads called "Venise" and "En Sicile" are of great excellence.

There are two portraits by Boldini, one of which was seen in London last summer at the Portrait Exhibition. The other, a portrait of a lady, illustrates his tendency to exaggerate movement and pose. Whistler exhibits several pictures which have lately been seen at his exhibition in Bond Street, including the fine portrait of Lady Meux. Stevens has a large number of canvases, which have the appearance of having been painted some years back, chiefly on account of the old-fashioned dresses of the figures. A certain affectation seems to pervade his work, although it is undeniably talented. The best of Courtois's portraits is that of Mlle. Bartet, of the Comédie Française, with the same pure and delicate sense of line that marks the work of his confrère Dagnan-Bouveret, but rather dry in colour. He has also several very pleasing studies in the Alps.

Sensationalism is represented by M. Bérard in his modernised version of the descent from the cross, treated in the same spirit as last year's "Mary Magdalen," but even more inconsistent. The curious jumble of ideas which can suggest a crucifixion as taking place on the heights of Montmartre at the end of the present century, the chief characters dressed in the clothes of the working classes of to-day, is as incongruous as to depict an execution by electricity in the time of the Pharaohs.

Besnard has some fine portraits and studies, in which expression and vivacity of movement are the salient attributes. It has not been possible to dwell at length on the work, even of the principal artists in the exhibition; and there is a number of pictures of great merit with a merely partial enumeration of which one must be content. M. Cazin's renderings of the fables of La Fontaine are both successful as fine passages of harmonious colour, but some of his smaller pictures are more convincing. Nor should the work of M. Binet be omitted, for his large canvas of "Les Marins au Siège de Paris, 1870," has great qualities. Zorn and Dannat are both well in evidence, and Billotte, Lepère, Boudin, and Mesdag are only a few of the large number of clever landscape painters who exhibit. A young Scandinavian artist, M. Gallou, shows a remarkably strong triptych painting, the subject a legendary story from the Kalevala. M. Aublet is more uneven in the quality of his work this year.

M. Carrière, who, one supposes, with the motive of endowing his pictures with a certain tenderness of expression, carries to an extreme the misty vagueness of his treatment, has yet succeeded in his picture called "Maternity" in a striking rendering of the sentiment of the subject.

There is a remarkable series of water-colour drawings in one of the small rooms by M. Coffinières de Nordeck, illustrating the life of Joan of Arc, which ought not to be missed by any visitor to the exhibition.

The collection of sculpture, although not very numerous, contains some fine works. M. Rodin has only his bust of M. Puvion de Lavallée in marble. The "Femme Couchée" of Saint Marcenay is one of the best figures in the hall. It is natural in pose, and at the same time fine in the treatment of the planes, and is broadly and simply modelled.

There is also in the exhibition a number of cases containing *objets d'art* of one sort and another which are worth examining.

The gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, has been opened to the people, without payment, five successive Sundays. It was visited, on Sunday, May 29, by nearly two thousand persons, mostly of the working classes. This is an example in favour of the Sunday opening of the loan collections of pictures at Guildhall.

The London School Board's estimate of expenditure for the year to end on March 28, 1893, was presented by Sir Richard Temple, chairman of the Finance Committee, at a weekly meeting of the Board. It amounts to two millions sterling. The number of children in average school attendance is 370,225. The salaries of teachers amount to close on a million sterling. The amount received from Government grants is over half a million. London children are educated at the rate of about £5 a head, at the public expense.

More than twenty thousand persons visited Shakspeare's birthplace last year, and of these, roughly speaking, three-fourths inscribed their names with indications of their nationalities in the visitors' book. The British Isles contributed to these figures 9546 persons, America 5385, Australia 174, Canada 121, Germany 91, and Holland 24. Then come Africa 23, Austria 4, Belgium 3, Brazil 4, China 10, Denmark 2, Egypt 3, Fiji Islands 2, France 41, India 28, Italy 31, Japan 1, New Zealand 34, Norway 4, Roumania 1, Russia 9, Spanish Islands 1, Spain 5, Sweden 2, Switzerland 6, and West Indies 4.

The Lord Mayor of London, on Saturday, May 28, gave a Welsh national banquet at the Mansion House. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, Lord Kensington, the Earl of Powis, Lord Ormathwaite, the Earl of Cawdor, Sir J. R. Bailey, Colonel Cornwallis West, Mr. W. R. M. Wynne, and Colonel Davies Evans, Lords Lieutenant of other Welsh counties, the Earl of Dunraven, the Earl of Powys, Lord Penrhyn, Lord Tredegar, Lord Sudeley, the Welsh Bishops, and some members of Parliament, were among the company. The Lord Mayor made a speech partly in the Welsh language. There were Welsh songs and Welsh harper's music.

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**HAY FEVER** is a disease from which many people suffer during the most pleasant season of the year, and one which renders their lives miserable. **HAY FEVER** makes its presence known by incessant fits of sneezing, followed by a flow of hot transparent mucus from the nostrils, accompanied by a burning sensation and watering eyes. The soothing action of the **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** upon the membrane allays all irritation, gradually arrests the hot flow from the nostrils and eyes, and stops the sneezing and burning sensation. The **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** will positively cure, and is the only remedy ever discovered which has permanently cured **HAY FEVER**, a disease which has hitherto baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, who have sought in vain to cure or prevent its annual return.

### TESTIMONIALS.

**HAY FEVER.**—The Rev. Dr. BULLOCK, Editor of the *Preside*, writes: "Those who are troubled with Hay Fever will do well to try the Carbolic Smoke Ball. From practical testimony we can certify that it gives great relief."

**HAY FEVER.**—Colonel C. E. MACDONALD, 65, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W., writes: "My daughter received much benefit from the Carbolic Smoke Ball when suffering from a severe attack of Hay Fever and asthma, other remedies having failed."

**HAY FEVER.**—Major ROLAND WEBSTER, Sutherland Avenue, W., writes: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball gave me entire satisfaction last summer. I unintentionally got into a field where hay-making was going on, and I was not inconvenienced by it. I have not been able to do such a thing for the last twenty years without suffering frightfully."

**HAY FEVER.**—FREDERICK MEAD, Esq., Lyric Club, writes: "I had suffered severely with Hay Fever for several years during the summer months, and was disturbed almost nightly with Hay Asthma, but found immediate relief from the first trial of the Carbolic Smoke Ball last year, and from that time have never had a single night's rest interfered with by the Hay Asthma."

THE ORIGINALS OF THESE TESTIMONIALS MAY BE SEEN AT OUR CONSULTING ROOMS, WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS. One CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL will last a family several months, making it the cheapest remedy in the world at the price, 10s. post free. The CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL can be refilled, when empty, at a cost of 5s. post free. ADDRESS:

## CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL COMPANY,

27, PRINCE'S STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.



### TESTIMONIALS.

**COLD.**—Madame ADELINA PATTI writes from Craig-y-Nos Castle: "Madame Patti has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball very beneficial indeed, and the only thing that would enable her to rest well at night when having a severe cold."

**CATARRH.**—Dr. J. RUSSELL HARRIS, M.D., writes: "I have prescribed and recommended the Carbolic Smoke Ball. Many obstinate cases of dry post-nasal catarrh, which have resisted other treatment, have yielded to your remedy."

**ASTHMA.**—CHARLES MOORE, Esq., of Westgate-on-Sea, writes: "It has afforded immense relief to my wife, who has suffered severely from Bronchial Asthma. When I bought the Ball she was unusually bad. It acted like magic."

**BRONCHITIS.**—General E. T. FASKEN writes: "It has proved most beneficial to two members of my family."

**THROAT DEAFNESS.**—J. HARGREAVES, Esq., of Manchester, writes: "I can hear my watch tick three or four inches away, which I have not done for months."

# BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS

FROM A SPECIAL TAR OIL.

DOCTORS, CLERGYMEN, TEACHERS, ACTORS, and PRIVATE PERSONS ALL SPEAK HIGHLY OF THEM.

The following are but a specimen of the many unsolicited TESTIMONIALS which reach us daily, whose originals, with thousands of others, are in our offices, and can be seen by anyone.

"From Health, Oct 23, 1891.  
"The best antiseptic remedy from Tar: sure to its effects and pleasant to take."  
"Dr. ASHLEY WILSON, F.R.S.E."  
"Board of Religious Education, 28, University Square, Belfast."  
"They are really a most wonderful and efficacious remedy."  
"(Rev.) WM. S. DARLEY, Inspector."  
"83, Park-Side Terrace, Darwen, P.L. 2, 1892."  
"Invaluable. They only want to be known in order to be sought."  
"B. DAVIES (Baptist Minister)."  
"Christchurch Vicarage, Swansea, Feb. 8, 1892."  
"They staved off a severe attack of Influenza."  
"(Rev.) E. CLARKE."  
"Hendon House, Northgate, Mon. Feb. 8, 1892."  
"Severe attack of Influenza very gratifying."  
"HUGH WILLIAM, Minister of Hendon Church."  
"School Board for London, Brompton Green, E., Feb. 25, 1892."  
"I only think they need to be tried to be appreciated."  
"GEO. S. LANGLEY, Head Teacher."  
"School Board for London, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., March 21, 1892."  
"I cannot speak too highly of the value of your Pills to myself. I consider them invaluable."  
"ANNIE LAIRD, Head Teacher."

"Haymarket Theatre, London, Feb. 17, 1892."  
"They acted like magic, and my voice was as clear as a bell."  
"ARTHUR DACRE."  
"Samaritan Nurses' Home, 15, South Bailey, Durham, Dec. 11, 1891."  
"I am sure they only need to be brought to the notice of sufferers and others, and their use explained, to become a Household Medicine."  
"(Miss) HUGHES."  
"4, Beron Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E., Jan. 1, 1892."  
"I sincerely trust that all who suffer from Asthma or any of the lungs may find the relief I have done."  
"FRANK BELL."  
"Hawarden, near Chester, Jan. 1, 1892."  
"One box has completely cured my chronic cough, when a doctor had said that came to my notice, including medicine, treatment, &c. &c. failed."  
"27, Waterloo Street, Southsea, Jan. 20, 1892."  
"I have great pleasure in adding my personal testimony as to their relief in a bad Cough and Influenza."  
"JOSEPH WARR, Borough Police."  
"2, Francis Villa, Cambridge Road, Althorpe, Jan. 22, 1892."  
"In a case of Throat Asthma, two pills which the sufferer took relieved his breathing in less than half an hour. Of this I was a witness."  
"JESSE AITREY."



Awarded at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1890.

## BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN PILLS

(awarded Gold Medal at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, and Seven other Gold Medals) can be had of all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world, or direct from the Proprietors. Price 2s. 6d. per Box. Four Boxes, sufficient in most serious cases, will be sent post free to all parts of the world (Postal Union) against a remittance of 5s. to BERTELLI'S CATRAMIN CO., 64 and 65, Holborn Viaduct, London. Full directions with each box. Pamphlet free on application. Mention this Paper.

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"The Largest Stock."  
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1000 BED-ROOM SUITES to select from. The largest and most complete assortment of well-made bed-room furniture in the world. Every variety of style and size in all woods, marked in plain figures, and conveniently arranged in communicating show-rooms, so that intending purchasers can examine and compare the different suites. On dull days and at dusk the show-rooms are illuminated by electricity.

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**THE LYNTHURST SUITE.** consisting of a 6ft. wardrobe, with plate-glass door, and centre fitted with convenient trays and drawers; double washstand, with marble top, high tiled back, and shelf beneath; toilet table, with large landscape glass, jewel, and other drawers and brackets; pedestal cupboard, towel airer, and three chairs, in ash or hazelwood, 18 Guineas. Designs free.

### FURNITURE.

## BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

**THE TORQUAY SUITE** is a very handsome set in hazelwood and ash, and consists of wardrobe with bevelled plate-glass door and well-carved panels; washstand with high-tiled back, marble top and cupboard beneath; toilet table with bevelled glass, jewel drawers, and bottom shelf, towel airer, and three chairs, £15 15s.

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**MAPLE and CO.'S ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS** are of superior quality, having an extra heavy deposit of silver, so that the articles will look well, and stand the test of years of constant use. An extensive Gallery has just been set apart exclusively for the exhibition of Electro-plated and Sterling Silver Ware.

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The above BLACK AND BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete, 3ft., 39s.; 3ft. 6in., 42s.; 4ft., 49s. 6d.; 4ft. 6in., 52s. 6d.

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**MAPLE and CO.—CARPETS WOVEN by NEW LOOMS.**—MAPLE and CO. have much pleasure in recommending these novelties in Square Carpets, in which the appearance and durability of the fabric is greatly improved, while the cost is considerably lessened. BRUSSELS and WILTON SQUARE CARPETS have hitherto been made by the widths being sewn together, and then a border being added. This has occasioned a number of joins, besides a great waste in matching.

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**NOTICE.**—This is to certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the message sent by the sender to the receiver.

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Healthy or sick old or  
Young wherever you may be  
drink Ellis's Table Waters fresh  
from their crystal springs at  
Ruthin

**FROM: R. Ellis & Son Ruthin**

**IN A BOTTLE WHICH  
HAD CONTAINED  
ELLIS'S  
SODA WATER.**







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A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.  
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Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other cabins.  
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Tourist's Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

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The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from  
London and the Seaside on Saturday, June 5, will be available  
for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL  
CHEAP EXCURSIONS, SATURDAY, June 4.—Leaving  
London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison  
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These Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also  
be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving  
Victoria 8.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.30 p.m., on Saturday  
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.  
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TO MONDAY, TUESDAY OR WEDNESDAY.  
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2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from Kensington (Addi-  
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Calling at LEITH two days later.  
The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—  
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securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest scenery  
in the above three trips the North Cape will be reached while  
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TOURS TO WEST COAST AND FJORDS OF  
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Cheapest Route. The first-class steamers ST. DENNYA and  
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Malcolm, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 4; Sewell and  
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NORWEGIAN FJORDS, &c.—The first-class steamer  
ST. ROGNVALD will leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for a  
TWENTY-ONE DAYS' TRIP TO NORTH CAPE, NOR-  
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FORTNIGHTLY YACHTING CRUISES TO THE  
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NORWEGIAN FJORDS  
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CITY OF RICHMOND.  
Leave LIVERPOOL, June 2 and July 31.  
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NEWCASTLE, June 15, July 16, and Aug. 13.  
FARES from 13 guineas (according to position of state-  
room), including first-class English Cuisine. Preference  
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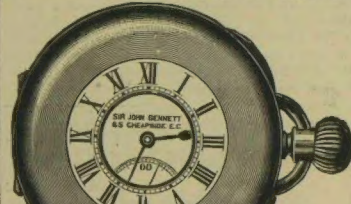
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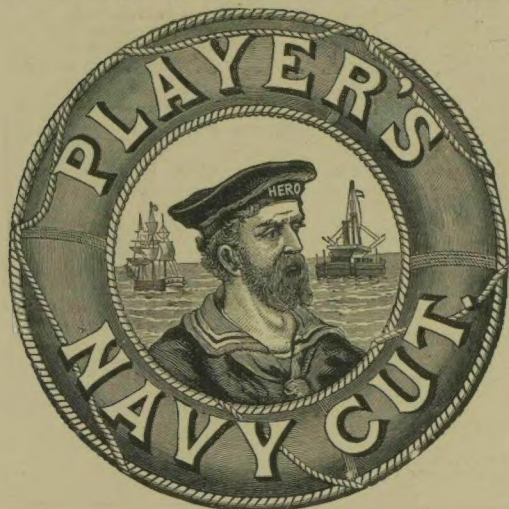
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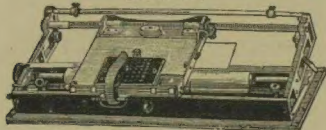
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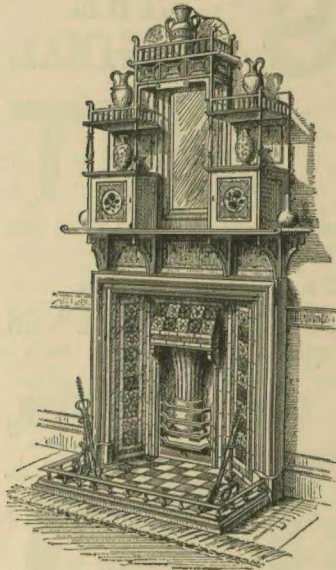
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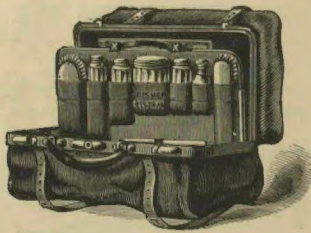
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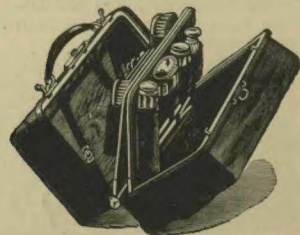
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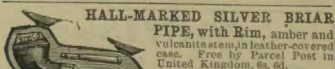
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